THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

IF YOU CAN.

For The Saturday Evening Post.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Go to our piers and see them carried in,
The blind, the halt, the fevered and the maimed:
Wrecks which the storm of War casts back to shore,
Riddled with balls and stiff with wounds unnamed;
List to their groans of anguish as they lift
Them into some rude car or jolting van,
Then roll away in your luxurious coach,
And loll on silken cushions—if you can.

Scan them. Young faces old with fever-pain,
Men in their prime as weak as fainting girls,
And sad-eyed boys whom age will never touch,
With many a bullet-wound among their curls;
Ragged and pale, with blood and vermin foul,
(Shrink not, my dainty one, to hear and scan!)
One look—then go and sip your iced champagne,
And *smoke your meerschaum coolly*—*if you can.*

Walk through the hospitals—the fever-wards,
The green-room, ghastly in its grim array;
See one lad crazed with typhus, one with wounds,
And hundreds with their members shot away—
Crippled and hacked and mutilated, each,
Almost beyond the semblance of a man,
Turn from them in your conscious health and strength,
And talk of Treason calmly—if you can.

Ah! friend, these things come home unto our doors,
With such a fearful truth upon their lips,
That he who scorns them merits to be scourged,
And die beneath the torture of the whips!
If you are young and strong, off to the field—
Exempt from that? turn nurses to a man,
Learn by those beds what patience is, and pain,
And try to love the rebels—*if you can!*

Philadelphia, Dec. 2d, 1862.

THE RETURN OF THE RUNAWAY.

The above engraving, copied from a Painting by J. Clark, tells its own story. The Runaway—the boy who would go to sea—has come back, but so grown and changed that even his mother hardly knows him. Soon however they will catch glimpses of the old familiar features—and then hours and days will be devoted to the runaway's story of his wanderings, the strange sights he has seen, and the hardships which he has endured. It is to be hoped that he has come back better as well as wiser.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LETTERS.

BY MADAME OTTILIE WILDERMUTH.

Translated for The Saturday Evening Post,
BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

STORIES OF THE OLD SEAMSTRESS.

BERTHA'S GARDEN.

Under Annamreile's windows, close against the house, there is a small, mossy, uncultivated garden; some fine rose bushes still flourish among the thorns, and embellish this corner in the summer season. The old seamstress looks into the garden, morning and evening; I gather some roses from it for her, although it is difficult to pluck them from the thorns and thistles, and she places them, with great delight, in a vase filled with water, on the table before her.

"Thou must know," said Annamreile to me one day, (she always thees and thous me,) "that this little garden belonged to Bertha; in those days, it was as gay as the gardens of Paradise, full of roses, pansies, and whole beds of forget-me-not; thou hast never seen anything finer. I entered the service of the old lady (my great uncle's mother,) when quite a young girl; I helped to bring up the children; but I have never seen, and I never shall see a more beautiful or amiable child than Bertha!

"She was a child unlike all others. No animal was afraid of her; and if she tended an injured flower, it was certain to recover. Her disposition was so sweet and cheerful! And she sang like a nightingale. Although she was beautiful, red and white as a little Princess, she never refused to undertake any useful work, and the field work seemed a real festival if Bertha took part in it. Wherever she was, she strewed flowers and garlands about, and they gave a cheerful appearance to everything. Her mother let her do as she would, only saying, 'What a child you are!'

"All the village children would run to meet her, and while the women were working in the fields, she would go into the houses where the little ones had been left in the cradle, soothe them, tend them, and even the youngest ceased crying when Bertha took them in her arms.

"At first, her mother did not like her to busy herself so much with others; she was an active housekeeper who found enough to do without going out of doors; but at last, she no longer opposed her daughter's wishes, and (God grant that it was no sin!) it was as if our beloved Saviour descended to the village when Bertha came there. She did not think of it; she thought that she acted and spoke like every other young girl; but the angels in Heaven knew it well, and I think that during all the years she passed on earth, no one could address a hard word to her.

"She was no where so happy as in her little garden, and any one who wished to please, brought fine flowers to her. But she was the fairest among them.

"Handsome and amiable as she was, one would expect her to have many suitors; but not many came, for she lived very retired, and would not willingly mingle with the world; besides, there was something so uncommon about her; she was so modest, that she inspired the deepest respect. She never thought of marriage; she was too happy at home.

"Even then, I was not very fond of moving about, and had commenced as a seamstress; I always sat at this same window, and it was my delight to look into the little garden, morning and evening, and to see Bertha among her flowers; the pigeons flew about her head, and the dogs and cats tried to lick her hand. One day she was standing near the hedge; it was in the season when the roses are in fullest flower. A young huntsman came along the forest road towards the edge of the garden; he asked Bertha to direct him in his road. I can still see them both, standing by the hedge, he outside, she inside; a ray of the setting sun streamed over the garden, and Bertha's hair shone like gold. The hunter's hair was as black as coal. He was a handsome young man; he looked at Bertha as though he wished his glance might penetrate to the bottom of her heart. His look did not please me, but I still continued to observe all that passed between them.

"The young huntsman was a forester, and learning his profession at Eichelberg. He had lost his way, and Heaven only knows how he had got here! I wished that he had lost himself on the other side of the forest!

"My old master was entering the house just as the young hunter was going away; he asked him to come in, but the young man begged to be allowed to remain in the garden. He sat down there, on the stone bench, near Bertha's little table; she brought fruit, bread, and wine; and whether she sat or walked, his eyes followed her.

"To say all in a few words, this was not the last time that the young huntsman came; he was soon received like one of the sons of the house. He was rich, and belonged to a distinguished family; one could see it by his princely manners. I could say nothing against him, when I found that his coming made Bertha so happy! Since that time, I have never seen eyes that shone so bright!

"As to the young man's studies, he cannot have followed them very closely, for he was always here. The only thing that saddened Bertha, was that he would not go to church with her. I had the courage to say to her one day: 'I would not marry a man who does not enter a church; he who does not pray, does not believe, and he who does not believe, has a disease hidden in his heart, that will one day break forth in a terrible manner.' She looked at me with an expression of deep sadness in her beautiful blue eyes, and said: 'But if you loved some one, and knew that he had a secret malady of the heart, would you abandon him? would you leave him alone, without a God? No, you would not do it; you would stay with him night and day, and you would pray God to give him rest, as well as you. And when the hour of anguish came, when his heart felt itself unhappy and abandoned by the Lord, you would be with him, you would sustain him, and you would strive, if God gave you the strength, to lead his heart to Him.' I knew very well that Bertha was an angel, but when I heard these words, I could not help weeping bitterly, for I felt that she was not long for this earth.

"They were soon betrothed, and a stone would have been charmed to see them both so happy. He had a hunting horn, from which he drew marvellous sounds when he came from the forest; Bertha, who was almost always in his little garden, sang the same melody; she went to meet him, and when they came together along the shaded path, one was obliged to rejoice in seeing them together. They often sat together, alone, on the stone bench in the little garden, often late in the evening, until the shining moon rose. I would gladly heard what they always said to each other, but I did not dare to listen. Sometimes she went with him to the forest in the morning, and she came back with an oak-leaf crown on her lovely blonde hair; every day she grew more beautiful.

"They talked of the wedding; the young forester (I will not mention his name) said that his parents were pleased with his choice; who would not have been pleased to have an angel like Bertha in the family? He was to take his wife home in the following year, for then he was to obtain an office in his own neighborhood; all this was perfectly true, for my old master had obtained the necessary information about him.

"I sewed assiduously, and Bertha aided me very zealously, when her mother did not need her. Ah, what happy work was ours! She sang and warbled like a young bird; what gay little songs! But when she heard the sound of the horn, it seemed as though a clear sunbeam illumined her lovely face! She threw her work aside, and, before I had put it in order, she had already flown on the way; ah, yes, that was a very happy time!

"One day—it was the anniversary of our old master's birth day—Bertha had waited in vain all day for her betrothed, and she trembled because he did not come; several persons had been invited to the family festival, and it troubled her because every one saw her emotion; they supposed he had been detained somewhere, and as Bertha would not give any one the trouble of seeking him, and as she could not rest, she determined to go alone. I was seated at my window, sewing, and thinking of nothing, when I saw Bertha come from the forest, out of breath, without a hat, her hair floating in disorder round her face. She had found her betrothed lying on the ground in the forest, bathed in his blood, struck by a bullet from some poacher's gun. 'Help, help!' she cried, and could just tell the place where the young hunter might be found, before she fainted away. She was brought to the house, and they went to seek the young man in the forest; he had lost his consciousness for the time, but the wound was not mortal. Bertha recovered to assist him, although she needed care herself. The terror she had felt, and her fearfully rapid return home, had injured her so much, that she never fully regained her health afterwards.

"The young forester soon recovered his health and strength. But Bertha had a bad cough, and complained of pain in the chest; at least she complained only to me, and I told her mother; they gave her mixtures and potions, but nothing would cure her. Her checks retained their rich color, her eyes shone more brilliantly than before, but I saw that she was not as she had been. Her strength declined; slowly, it is true, but still it declined. She ceased singing at home; it was only when she heard the sound of the horn in the forest that she tried her former songs; but there was something so plaintive in the tone of her voice, that I wept every time I heard it.

"At the end of autumn, the bridegroom returned to his parents; the marriage was to take place in the spring, when he was to come back, and take Bertha away.

"It was a strange thing, that Bertha, who had been so pious a child, and who, from the earliest age, had always seemed prepared to die, and who, while full of life, youth, and health, had often talked of death,—since she had had this cough, she appeared to have as completely lost sight of this thought, as if it had disappeared from her mind. We talked, and sewed for her wedding as formerly, but not with our former gayety; she could not sleep much, on account of her cough, and rose late. 'It is a very obstinate cold,' she said, 'but in the spring I shall be quite well,' and she wrote letters, full of hope and life; she placed her little myrtle tree in the sun, and talked the whole day long about the arrangements she intended to make in her future home; her bridegroom had sent her the plan; it was a pretty hunting lodge. Her mother and I looked at each other from time to time, but we said nothing.

"Spring came at last, and the bridegroom with it. It was a beautiful easter-day; Bertha was dressed in white, and seated in her little garden; the young forester advanced towards her with rapid steps, as formerly; she endeavored to rise and meet him, but her strength failed her, and the blood gushed from her mouth over her white dress. She was carried to the house; and there, seated on the sofa beside her lover, she smiled, and said that the accident was of no consequence.

"But he appeared very much discouraged and disheartened; Bertha's face was certainly as beautiful as ever; but her figure had grown thin and a little bent, and she could no longer go with him to the forest. The young forester only stayed two weeks; Bertha seemed enchanted, so long as she saw him, and did not complain of anything. Her wedding dress was finished, but no one talked of marriage. Bertha alone, from time to time, loved to chatter with her parents about her betrothed and her future residence. But we knew how things were, we wished to keep her with us as long as possible; on his return, her betrothed grew more and more ill at ease; more and more silent when near her. Ah, could I paint the tender and heavenly glances she turned towards him then!

"One day, when the doctor was there, and that Bertha had just told him that she felt pretty well, I heard the bridegroom ask him to walk up stairs before he went away; the gentlemen entered the room next to mine; they did not know that I was so near, and when they had once closed their door, I did not dare to make any noise. The young forester questioned the doctor seriously as to his bride's health. He shrugged his shoulders. 'Her lungs are affected,' said he; 'there is no chance of a complete cure; but it is difficult to say how long this may last, for there seems to be great vital strength in her constitution.'

"The bridegroom walked up and down the room; 'I ask your advice, doctor,' he said; 'of course, it is very painful to me; I wish to act in this case as a man of honor; but you must admit that it would be a singular thing to unite one's self to a dying person.' 'There can be no question of marriage at present,' said the doctor, 'although I have known some rare cases, where incipient consumption has been cured by marriage' 'However you look at it,' said the young man, 'it is a very painful position for me. My future is certain; I have duties to fulfill; my parents desire my speedy marriage. How can I chain myself to a bed of suffering for an unknown time? And then I have an unconquerable aversion to sickness; to listen to an eternal cough would ruin my nerves! Indeed, I risk my own health.'

"'Well, you can return home for some time,' answered the doctor, 'but only for a time; for an absolute cessation of this affectionate connection might be, in the present condition of the patient, who does not suspect the danger of her sickness, of incalculable injury to her?' 'It is my belief,' said the bridegroom, 'that this ignorance, and the passionate desire to recover, on my account, are more dangerous to her, than a gentle and proper dissolution of our engagements would be. I repeat, that I wish to act like a man of honor; but, in such a case, the right seems to be entirely on my side; besides, I should be the greater sufferer."

"'Do whatever you think your duty,' said the doctor (but I understood, from the sound of his voice, that he had not a great opinion of the young man); 'if you speak to me as to a physician, it is my duty to tell you that your betrothed has a disease of the chest, but that I cannot foresee the end of her sickness. And I will not answer as to the consequences of a violent and sudden emotion.' The doctor left the house, and everything went on as usual for some time. Doubtless the young forester could not break his oath of constancy so soon. She lived like a child, from day to day, the hope of a better future never deserting her.

"At length the young man received letters calling him home as soon as possible, as he told us. On the day of his departure Bertha accompanied him to the garden gate, although she was suffering and very weak; her lovely eyes, when she looked at him, were full of angelic sadness; 'Adieu! adieu!' she said to him a thousand times, 'when thou returnest I shall be quite well.' Ah, why did he not allow her to die, still believing in his love!

"Soon afterwards a letter came from him—then from his mother—addressed to Bertha, and to her father and mother—plenty of fine words! But the sense of them was, that the idea of a union must be given up—that this resolution, which was necessary for her repose, must be very carefully announced to her, &c., &c.; whatever fine phrases he made use of to say this, I cannot tell how they announced it to Bertha. She scarcely ever spoke of it; but, from this day, she was prepared for death. With that angelic sweetness that never left her, she said to me one day, 'It is best that I should know everything. You were all too good for me; now, at least, I can prepare myself to go.'

"Her weakness rapidly increased, but she was beautiful until her last moment, and good and patient amid all her sufferings. Not one bitter word against Ferdinand passed her lips; she often said; 'I have been so happy all my life!'

"On fine days her brothers still carried her into her little garden; they placed soft cushions on her stone bench. There she allowed the little children to gather round her, but she could no longer bear their noise in her room. The village people, to whom she had been so good, slipped behind the hedge from time to time; they wanted to see her again, and to salute her from a distance; she made them a friendly sign, but she could no longer talk much with any one.

"I do not know how she heard of Ferdinand's marriage. Her parents and brothers were so much irritated against him, that perhaps they had not the courage to keep this news to themselves; I felt the same resentment towards him, but as I said nothing openly against him, she had more confidence in me than in any of the others.

"On a fine sunny September day she went into her little garden for the last time; she had asked me to go with her. She pointed out her finest and most favorite flowers, begging me to have them carefully transplanted and sent to Ferdinand's wife, with the request that they should be placed in her garden, and telling her that Bertha had prayed the Lord, with her last breath, to shower His blessings upon her. 'He will be happy!'

she said to me with confidence. 'They say that broken oaths bring curses; but it was death that, in touching me, severed our ties; it was not Ferdinand. Besides, I have so often besought Heaven to bless him for the past happiness I owe to him, that even curses will be effaced by my prayers.'

"On the morrow, with her family and all the servants of the house, she received the holy communion. She made her parents promise solemnly to forget their anger towards Ferdinand. She did not struggle much longer; she suffered much just before death, but at the last moment she was an angel!

"I sent the flowers to the forester's wife. We planted every fine flower that remained in the little garden on her tomb. For a long time the tomb was cared for by the village people, and looked like a flower garden; now it is a little neglected, but lilies and white roses still grow there."

SEVENTH LETTER.

Annamrelle's story, which I have communicated to you, went straight to my heart! I have commenced arranging Aunt Bertha's garden, but it is not so easy as I had fancied it would be, and I should have already given up the idea, but that Cousin Tobias offered to assist me. Ah, how work progresses with such a workman! He has broken up all the earth of the garden, carefully sparing the fine rose trees. I could only pull up the weeds—but as soon as the beds were well laid out I worked, too. I planted everything, although it is so very fatiguing to stoop; and for two or three days my hands were too rough to embroider.

But you cannot imagine how much pleasure this work has given me! My uncle watched us, and appeared delighted. Bertha was his favorite sister; and my aunt seems very much pleased with me. "It is my fault," said she to me, "that the garden has been so much neglected, but I had so many necessary occupations! Besides, this is work that better suits young hands." I go to look at my flowers every day; the lilies cannot be planted yet, but the summer flowers are growing finely.

Tobias is so kind and obliging! he surprises me almost every day by some new improvement in the little garden. He has twined the vines that were entangled above the stone bench into an arbor; he has encircled the flower beds with gracefully planted willow borders; then he has been so good as to teach me a thousand things about gardening, of which I was ignorant, and which I did not like to ask him. I am almost friends with him; it is much more agreeable than to live in discord.

You know how anxious I always was to busy myself with the children, the sick and the poor of the village. I have not been able to carry out my plan until lately, for they do not occupy themselves much with these things at my uncle's. My aunt goes to the village sometimes, but does not talk about it, and, from her rather reserved and dry manner, I doubt if she can be exactly "a consoling angel." Tobias seems to be a little rough, and I once heard him scold and send away some beggar children; I ran after them, and gave them some money. He was very much displeased that I did; said they were lazy things he had employed to carry stones from a field, but that they had ran off instead of working. He has a somewhat rude and austere nature.

"The soul's wild strings can but vibrate
'Neath woman's soft touch delicate!"

Since the image of Bertha has floated so vividly before me, I have been more resolved than ever to realize my plan.

Yesterday my aunt was telling us about an old woman who is very ill. In the afternoon I requested permission to go and see her. "What! would you go to see old Ursula?" asked my aunt, a little surprised. "And what would you do there?" You see, my dear friend, how little pious works are understood here. "I want to see, to console her, to read to her, I said, a little embarrassed, "Very well, you can go; Lize will show you the way, and carry the bottle of wine that I wish to send Ursula. I wish you a pleasant journey, my dear!"

Lize appeared astonished herself when she saw me ready to go. The village children are not so amiable or confiding as I supposed; they stare rudely at me, and if I attempt to speak to them they run off laughing, and I see them at a distance making fun of me.

We arrived at the thatched cottage. I took the bottle of wine from Lize, and entered. Ah, Julia, what misery! what a smell! There was a large bed in the centre of the room, and how dirty it was! And the old woman in it. I wonder if all the poor old women people visit look like that? There were two or three women sitting in the room. They and the sick woman stared at me with open mouths, as if I had fallen from heaven. I gave the wine to the sick women, and asked her how she was; and then I paused, in mortal embarrassment as to what I should say next; the women offered me a chair, but such a chair! I could not sit down on it in my light-colored dress. At last I sat down on the bench, and asked the sick woman if I should read to her a little; she did not oppose the proposition, and I read some fine passages from a new book of prayers that I had brought with me.

When I had finished, I asked the old woman if my reading pleased her; she said it was very fine of course, but she fancied that it was not all German; she did not understand such grand language,—her little daughter read to her sometimes in the great book, and that was the best for poor, ignorant folks.

However, I read according to Professor Albert's "Rules on the Art of Reading!" I gave the old woman some money, and was very glad to take my leave. Write me word how you manage when you make your charitable visits among the sick poor.

I have visited Aunt Bertha's tomb; the lilies that grow there are really of marvellous beauty. A withered crown hangs on the simple cross; it was placed there, they say, by some stranger girl,—perhaps a daughter of Ferdinand!

You shall soon hear another of Annamrelle's stories. You do not say a word about—him! Thy FANNY.

EIGHTH LETTER.

I told Annamrelle how unsuccessful my charitable mission had proved. I knew very well that she would not laugh at me, but, as I told you, she does not very clearly understand matters of to-day's occurrences: she looked fixedly at me, and said: "You come from a distance, you are very well dressed; people must know strangers before they can trust them!"

I answered, a little piqued, "I see that the poor in this country are not too well accustomed to be considered and attended to!" My aunt always gives some little thing to the poor who visit the court yard, but that is all. Tobias does not even do that. Altogether, they seem to think very little of the common people.

Annamrelle is very careful in speaking of things that have actually taken place, for she does not trust her memory very well. She said to me lately: "I must tell you something about my young lady (she means my aunt). As to my young gentleman, (this is my grand-uncle!) it is impossible to say how much good he does in secret. At the very moment when he seems to be jesting with people, he surprises them by a good action; he does all sorts of kind things towards evening, at the time he pretends to go and see how the servants and animals have fared and worked during the day; no one sees him but God. If a poor woman, on her return from the fields, searches in her cupboard for a crust of bread, and finds a whole loaf, or even, on Sundays, a fine piece of meat; if an old man discovers that his snuff-box has been filled, and that a warm new waistcoat is hanging on the wall—they well know who is the author of these little tricks; but when they try to thank him, he does not appear to know anything about it. His wife knows it well, though, and when she sees him slyly searching for the key of the store-room, she quietly puts it in a corner where she is sure that he will find it; but sometimes he goes a little too far, and then she says, 'Why, what have you done with your nice morning waistcoat, my dear?' and he answers laughing, 'Ah, a waistcoat soon wears out, and then poor old Stoffel has no Annamrelle to mend for him!'" And then Annamrelle laughs at her *young* master's tricks.

"But Annamrelle, I thought you were going to tell me about the young lady?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; and about the little one, too!" The little one means Tobias, who is only about six feet high!

"My young lady is hardly so generous as her husband, and she has not the way of knowing how to oblige people in a graceful manner; but she does a great deal too. There was once an old woman in the village who was too weak to work, and who lived with her daughter-in-law; the old woman was dropsical, and the young woman complained one day to my mistress what a terrible thing it was that the grandmother was not relieved from suffering, for no one could remain in her room on account of the disagreeable smell. The next morning, my young mistress went to see these people; a servant accompanied her, carrying a quantity of straw. A fine young lady like you would have turned sick on entering the room. But my mistress changed the old woman's linen with her own hands, assisted her to rise from her bed, wrapped her in warm coverings, filled the paillasse with new straw, set on boiling water to wash the soiled sheets, put clean ones on the bed, and aired and swept the room; all this she did herself. Then, when the old woman had been put to bed again (where she said she fancied herself in Paradise), my mistress gave some soap to the daughter-in-law, and said to the eldest girl, who stood there open mouthed, 'Katerby, if you keep your grandmother and the little room very clean, you shall have a new apron at Christmas.' The daughter-in-law must have been very much ashamed, but my mistress always goes straight to the point. She never spent much time in reading to people, or praying with them; but Bertha, my blessed Bertha, did just such things as my mistress, and the other things too; and my mistress would be only too happy if she had a daughter whose disposition inclined that way, for she knows that it is yet more difficult to touch people's hearts than to clean dirty rooms!"

"And Mr. Tobias? he does not trouble himself about such things, does he?" I asked; I wanted to learn something from her about him.

"Certainly, he does not wash old women's sheets, and I am not sure that he fills old men's tobacco boxes; I know very little about him now, for I so seldom go down stairs. (On the contrary, Annamrelle knows everything that is going on, although she scarcely ever stirs from her chair.) The woman who executes the commissions has told me what he did one day when his parents were absent. *The little one* was gone to Weisburg to see about a wall for the new barn. When he reached the mason's house, he heard nothing but crying and groaning; the mason, in falling from a ladder two days before, had broken his bones. At the very moment when the little one entered, they were changing the sick man's bed; his wife, a neighbor, and the surgeon, a very meagre man, were all groaning over the task, and the poor wounded man groaned more than any of them. *The little one*, as you know, is very strong and tall; he took this heavy man in his arms, and placed him in the bed; the mason reflected for a moment, then said: 'Since my misfortune, no man has moved me with so much strength and softness.' And what do you think the little one has done? He goes to Weisburg every morning, just about the time that they dress the mason's wounds; (and Weisburg is a good league from this!) he lifts and puts the sick man in his bed, and this does not prevent him from doing his ordinary duties! He has done it for a month, and now the wounded man is completely restored!"

Well, Julia, what do you say? is not this trait a worthy example in the charitable mission plan? I am not capable of a good action of this kind, but I see that it is not enough, merely to give warm clothing and food to the poor! I have talked it over with Tobias—you will think we are growing confidential! But rest in peace, my friend, he is not a dangerous person at all! He says that not every one is called to a spiritual vocation; and only our Saviour was able to remit the sins of the sick, before saying, "take up thy bed and walk!" He has assisted many unfortunates without preaching a single word to them. He has managed to touch some hearts, however, and at the right moment, too. "Before we pray with people, my little cousin," added Tobias, with a grave smile that becomes him very well, "we must feel quite sure that we pray *for* them from the bottom of our hearts." He was right, and he has given me a great deal to think about. I am quite reconciled to my cousin; is it not much better to agree, when we live under the same roof?

Go to see my mother often, Julia. Your visits will be of real benefit to her. Her letters are sometimes rather melancholy. I am delighted to think that Edward's holidays will bring both of them here. How glad I should be if I could send her something from the abundance I enjoy here, and which she has so much difficulty in procuring! My good aunt has foreseen my secret wishes, and has sent my mother (as I learn from her letters) a very generous present. Adieu, my dear; you shall soon hear another of Annamrelle's histories.

STORIES OF THE OLD SEAMSTRESS.

HAPPY-HEARTED ROBERT.

"This house was not always so calm and quiet as it is now; my young master (Tobias's father!) is certainly very cheerful, but he does not make any noise; his wife always was silent, and the little one does not talk much either. But when my former mistress was yet young, and her four children were beginning to grow up; when each of them had young friends to bring here, then there was a noise and merriment! and I had not much time to sew. God's eye never smiled on finer children than our four, three boys and Bertha! But Robert was the handsomest of the three. And what a happy little butterfly he was! How they tormented me to take them to the woods to pluck strawberries! And when I stooped to pick them, Robert would jump on my back, and, whether I liked it or not, I must make a horse of myself to please him! He played all sorts of tricks, and the village children were for ever training after him; they made boats, they dug beds to turn the brooks into the meadows, they caught squirrels, they tied the cows' tails together! That Robert could do anything except work or learn, and yet he had an excellent head! The schoolmaster could not manage him at all; for sometimes he dressed up the rod, glued the pages of the books together, cut a little fairy piano in the desk; every day it was something new; this nonsense would not have mattered at all (for his brother Henry was also very gay) if he had learned a little; but our poor Robert was dreadfully lazy at his books.

"When the boys grew up, their future profession came to be a question. Carl (my present young master) was to manage his father's property; Henry intended to become a merchant; I think it was because he wanted to visit foreign countries, for he had no commercial talent; Robert was younger than Henry, and yet had often exchanged mouldy apples with him for good ones, and old cakes, made with rancid butter, for spiced bread. As to Robert, he wished to study, and consequently must become a student. This did not please my former master much, for he feared the expenses this would entail, and he knew that Robert would not learn much; this property was in a bad condition when he inherited it, it cost him a great deal to keep it up, and yet he could not refuse anything to Robert. So he was entered at the gymnasium. Robert looked superb when he came back in his student's dress! a Polish surtout, with embroidery and tassels! leather breeches, high boots, and a horse! he was a very handsome man, and all this suited him admirably. But the accounts of his conduct were not quite so charming; his mother and Bertha often talked to him with a great deal of feeling; he listened to Bertha the most willingly, but only for a little while.

"Henry had finished his studies, and had become a steady clerk in a warehouse; but his heart swelled a little, when the young students who came to see Robert during the holidays, said with an air of raillery, 'Is that your brother, the pair of scales?'

"Carl, my present master, who was always the most reasonable of them all, came back about this time from an agricultural institution, and worked courageously with his father; and, as it has always been the custom in this family, for example's sake, for the master of the house to follow the plough himself occasionally, it must have been rather mortifying for him to meet, at such a time, the young students on horseback, singing and laughing loud enough to split one's ears.

"My old master was not over satisfied with this kind of life; he often said:

"'Come, what have you learned at last, Robert?'

"Robert was to be a registrar.

"'No student learns anything the first year,' Robert would answer, gayly; 'but only wait, papa, and you will see how I shall study next year.'

"Next year came, the year in which he was to work so hard,—but no sign of study. He was for ever in want of money! in such constant need, that it was a shame to him; he wrote to his father, or his mother, or to both, letters that were sometimes jesting, sometimes respectful, but in which there was always question of money. The poor mother had saved as much as she possibly could for him; she sold her fine garnet jewelry and her largest ear-rings; he always used fine words, and they believed him, in spite of everything, for his master had declared that he had an excellent head, and all the distinguished professors in the gymnasiums said that he could learn anything he liked, if he only would do it.

"My master was sometimes a little irritated about him, before his returns in the holidays; but when his fine, joyful, good face appeared, everything was pardoned; he promised that all would turn out for the best, and that no one should complain of him. And if his father or mother were ill, he took better care of them than the best doctor.

"When the holidays approached their close, he was always extremely good and quiet for two or three days; he talked with a nice little voice until he had shown to his father the sum total of his debts. Then everything went badly again; my master swore more in one hour, than in the whole year before; Robert did not utter a word, but allowed everything to be showered on him. At last, his father paid the money, and then Robert would come from the room as much out of curl as a spaniel that has just left the water; but he soon grew merry again, and as soon as he arrived at the University, he sent back a letter filled with the finest promises—so fine, that his mother would weep over the paper, and say: 'Oh! as to his heart, he certainly takes after me in that!'

"Bertha's death occurred about this time. Robert was deeply afflicted by it, and I even think he resolved to soften the sorrow of his parents; for he behaved most admirably for some time afterwards.

"He had been a student already for some years; with the money that had been spent on him, ten knights and horses might have been equipped, and it was not yet over. All at once he wrote word that he was betrothed to a young lady whom he had loved for a long time without having told them anything about it, that she was an angel, that he would do anything in the world to please her; this was the finest of all his letters. But his father was very angry, and almost resolved to say no. Neither of his elder brothers had yet thought of marriage; how could a scatter brain like him think of it? His mother was doubtless pained by the thought that he was ready to do anything to please his betrothed, although he would not do much to gratify her or his father; but she knew better than to contradict him, lest he should become even more excited.

"He ended by bringing his betrothed to the house; she was a pretty, genteel young lady, as sweet and gay as a lark, and they loved each other so well! This pleased his mother. His father shook his head, when he saw Robert fasten the farm horses to a carriage, and drive his bride out every day; he engaged the town coach; and yet we had the fine carriage that our young master still uses! The young lady's mother came with her; she was a heavy, stupid person, with an immense cap in large plaits; she was always seated on the sofa, with her hands crossed before her, and when my master attempted to converse with her on serious subjects, she could only say, 'Yes, it is very singular!' My master thought that the young people would have done better had they put off the betrothal until after Robert had passed his examination, but the mother said: 'Oh, my dear, deceased husband never passed any examination, and yet he was a retail dealer in salt!' It was of no use to argue with her on any subject.

"I must acknowledge that the lovers made a very handsome couple! She so slender and elegant, he so robust and fine-looking! They danced, laughed and amused themselves the whole day long, and when Robert went away he had the best intentions in the world, but even his mother had no longer much hope or confidence. His studies were not much improved by the presents and visits that he made to his bride. He did not neglect the tavern, and it was reported to my master that at a large breakfast, at which Robert had ordered a great deal of champagne, he had exclaimed, 'While I swallow champagne, the old fellow is obliged to drink sweet wine!' He did not even come home, like every respectful son, to the Christmas feast. That was a sorrowful day for his family!

"I do not know how long his studies lasted; he came here several times with his bride, and always talked about his examination.—Ah, I did not then know what an examination was, and it has seemed a dreadful thing to me ever since. At last he came back home, and finally left the university. His father went for him; he went so well equipped, poor Robert! but he did not bring much back; no watch, and but few clothes; some large swords, buck-skin gloves, and frightful masks of brass wire.

"'Have you passed your examination, Robert?' I asked. 'So well,' he said, laughing, 'that those professors insist on having it all over again!' But he did not laugh from the bottom of his heart.

"He took the little room up stairs, and began to work like an ox, as he called it. May heaven pardon me! he really did seem to work like an ox when he was at his books, and sometimes I thought he did not understand more about them than I. His bride came to visit us once more, but they did not seem so gay together as they had formerly been; they seemed to sit beside one another from habit. She was as amiable as ever, but he was often bad tempered, and he seemed to have very little to say to her. I think he felt a little ashamed in his bride's eyes, and even in his own.

"He went away again to his examination, but he no longer laughed when he returned; no one spoke to him; his father went away; his mother sometimes went alone into his little room, and wept bitterly there. The old mother-in-law to be, wrote that her daughter was now nineteen, and asked Robert if he had not some idea of commencing business as a retail dealer in salt. He tried everything, from a clerkship to pharmacy, but I do not think that any honorable employment will suit one who has so culpably misused his time and opportunities.

"It almost broke my heart to see this young man, formerly proud, handsome, and dressed like a prince, now so humble and confused that he endeavored to avoid every friend he met.

"About this time Henry brought home his betrothed, and although this marriage did not at first please his father, the house became quite gay and animated by the presence of the young people. Robert played a few of his old tricks, but they had not their former success. He saw his old friends, who were for the most part employed, and consequently earning their bread; he went to visit his betrothed, but I do not think their joy could have been very lively.

"He brought back a chest full of books, and recommenced his studies; I think that he worked with a will this time, but it looked as if his gay life had turned his head, and he was no longer good for anything. Ludwig, the schoolmaster's son, who had commenced his studies two years later than Robert, and whom his schoolmates had laughed at as a blockhead, had been town clerk for a long time; he sometimes came, and offered to assist Robert, who went again to his examination.

"My old master had scarcely spoken to him for a long time, several old and new debts still made their appearance, and they were obliged to sell a piece of land; this caused his father great chagrin; but when Robert went off for the last time, he gave him his hand, and said with much feeling—'Endeavor to regain your lost honor.' Carl, my young master, behaved like a good and loyal brother, pleading for Robert with his father, and forgetting the old times when he was following the plough, while the mad students on horseback sang:

"How does the hero brother?
How does the leathery hero brother?
He leads the oxen a-field,
The leathery oxen!"

and other stupid student songs of the same kind. He wished that every good fortune might befall Robert. The poor mother always went about with tears in her eyes now, and if wishes and prayers would have brought a successful examination to pass, she would certainly have succeeded! But I do not think that God has given intelligence to young men that they might abuse it, or pass their examination by means of their mother's prayers.

"At the end of fifteen days Robert came back, looking tolerably satisfied; he said that things had not gone off badly, and that in two days he should have his answer in writing. He fancied that he would soon be obliged to go off again, and he begged me to arrange his cravats and dressing-gown for him. In the meantime he was in continual agitation; he ran about the house and garden, and even into the street to meet the postman; he had no rest.

"His brother Carl said to him before me one day: 'Well, even supposing that you do not succeed this time either, you can remain with me on the estate; there is enough for you to do.' 'Yes, certainly, I can be a valet, and my wife a servant,' said Robert, with a sneer; 'no, that will not do.' It is true that all his unsuccessful enterprises had, by their great expenses, so diminished the value of the property, that I doubt if it would then have supported two families.

"At the end of eight days, the postman brought a large letter for Robert. He was alone in the house, and he told me not to say anything about it; he did not tell me what was in the letter, but I fancied at once that it did not contain anything pleasant, and that the examination had not given satisfaction. His sleeping room was next to mine, and I heard him walking up and down it all night. I intended to speak of it to him and to his mother, but he left the house very early. Do you see that little plot of green turf in front of the grove shaded by four fir trees? In his childhood that was Robert's favorite spot; and later, when Bertha was yet living, he often sat there with her, awaiting the arrival of her bridegroom? In that spot a pistol was fired! There they found Robert lying dead! He left two letters, one for his parents, one for his betrothed; I never knew what they contained. No doubt he said that he could not live dishonored, &c., but thank God I do know that he implored the pardon of heaven, and I trust that he obtained it!

"May you never know such sorrow, my child! they were all inconsolable, and the cry of David was heard from the father's lips: 'My child! why could not I die in thy place!'

"Every one pitied the poor mistaken young man; he had been so handsome! Funeral honors were paid to him; many of his old friends surrounded his tomb; they sang a solemn and touching requiem. Ah! more than one of them might have accused himself of having had something to do with this suicide, and that he had hastened the end of the unfortunate young man in sharing in his foolish pleasures, and enjoying the improper use of the money that had been intrusted to him for better purposes."

Every morning and evening, when I have looked at my Bertha's garden that you are making as fine as it formerly was, I look towards the firs, and say an "our Father" for poor Robert.

When I see the happy young people, although I think gayety is very natural at their age, I wish to tell them poor Robert's unhappy story, and to recall Solomon's words to their minds:—"Rejoice, young man, in thy youth, but turn thy heart to good in the season of youth; if thou yieldeth to the pleasure of the eyes and the temptations of the heart, remember that God will call thee to account before the judgment seat!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEM'R 13, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

NOTICE.

When we recently advanced the price of our paper when taken in clubs, we made that advance just as little as we thought would compensate us for the increased price of paper. We had hopes that paper had reached its highest limit, and we were anxious to do as well for those of our subscribers who had been in the habit of getting up clubs as possible.

Since then, however, there has been another rise in paper, and we find it impossible, in justice to ourselves, any longer to offer to supply twenty papers for $25.

We have therefore raised the price of our largest sized club, that of 20, to $28.00—or $1.40 for each subscriber. The person who gets up the club to have a free copy, as usual.

We regret that we have to make these changes in accordance with the advancing price of paper, but there is no alternative between doing thus and suffering a heavy loss. We are now supplying out a great many unexpired subscriptions, at prices that are far from remunerative. In fact, it is easy to foresee that if paper keeps on advancing, either the whole clubbing system, in the course of the coming year, must fall to the ground, or the price of single subscriptions be raised.

OUR ARMIES.

As we write this the two great armies in Virginia are reported to lie menacing each other on the opposite sides of the Rappahannock. Gen. Banks's expedition is on its way to *Fortress Monroe*, "or a market," as the shipping accounts say. Burnside is either waiting for Banks to arrive at his post of action—or is not—"who knows?" For never has any secret been better kept, so far as the loyal public of the North is concerned, than the real destination of Banks's expedition.

Guesses, of course, are numerous. Banks has gone to Texas—"G. T.," as they used to write from the South relative to vanished debtors; Banks has gone to Florida, to Mobile, to Savannah, to Charleston, to North Carolina, to Suffolk, to James river. Some think he will turn up at Suffolk, and that Burnside will then cross the Rappahannock, and perform his portion of a programme.—Perhaps. It is a natural guess—but nobody knows.

In the Southwest, Grant seems to be moving on Grenada, Mississippi, in two columns, down the two railroads which unite at that place—at the last report, driving the rebels before him.

Rosecrans, we judge, is concentrating for a movement against Chattanooga, to redeem the patriots of East Tennessee.

There are several indications of late that the rebellion is growing weaker. It will abide the shock, however. When that comes, if the result should be a Yorktown or a Waterloo to the rebels in Virginia, we believe their game is up—their power effectually broken. And while we do not pretend to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, we believe the beginning of the end is at hand. God grant that it may prove to be so.

"COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS."

In a recent letter from "Marion Harland," she informs us that the above is the title of a story she is now writing for THE POST. It has a very attractive sound.

A STRONG RESOLUTION.—The following resolution was offered on the 5th inst. in the House of Representatives by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, and passed by an unanimous vote, with the exception of Mr. W. J. Allen, of Illinois. The vote stood yeas 145, nays 1:—

Resolved, That at no time since the existence of the rebellion have the forces and material in the hands of the Executive of the government been so ample and abundant for the speedy termination of the war as at the present moment; and that it is the duty of all loyal American citizens, regardless of minor differences of opinion, and especially is it the duty of every officer and soldier, and those in every branch of the government, (including the Legislature,) cordially to strike the assassins who have conspired to destroy our existence, prosperity and freedom, of which we are justly proud at home and abroad, and which we stand pledged to perpetuate forever.

SAVE YOUR PAPER.—In these times of scarcity of paper, every body should save all their old newspapers and rags, as they can get a good price for them for the use of the paper makers.

A great economy might also be practised in writing letters, by only writing short letters on a half, or even on a fourth of a sheet, instead of using the whole sheet, as is usual. The general use of envelopes obviates the old necessity of using the full sheet.

ALLEGED REBEL PROPOSITIONS.

In answer to the recent rumors upon the subject of rebel propositions, the Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says:—

No propositions of any kind for peace, or an armistice, have been made by the rebels to the Government, as has been alleged, nor will any be considered, save they first lay down their arms and return to their allegiance.

An editorial in the *Phila. Press* of the 5th also says:—

The New York *Tribune* of yesterday, in its Washington correspondence, with many circumstances and much plausibility, prints a story to the effect that commissioners had arrived in Washington from the rebel states and held a conference with the President and Secretary of State, with a view to peace and compromise. *We feel authorized to say that the statement of this correspondent is utterly without foundation—that no such commissioners have arrived, and that if they should come within the lines, instead of visiting the Capitol, they would visit the Old Capitol prison.* The custom of entertaining rebel commissioners passed away with Mr. Buchanan. This Administration will hold no intercourse with any rebel deputation, unless it should come for mercy and pardon, and we are sorry to see the Tribune printing such a foolish story.

We should not be surprised if there was a basis for such reports, in communications made by the rebels to certain friends of theirs in the North. But we also believe in the above contradictions, so far as they imply that the Administration has no knowledge of, and will have nothing to do with, any proposals of the kind. If such proposals have been made, it is but a proof of what many are inclined to suspect, that the rebellion is beginning to totter to its fall.

GET READY.

A correspondent of *The (London) Morning Herald* says that a recent steamer from Liverpool took out twenty-four French guillotines, consigned to President Lincoln's confidential agent in New York.

We know not exactly how many of the above machines Philadelphia will be entitled to, but we suppose that New York, which always insists upon having the lion's share of everything, will at least get thirteen out of the twenty-four. Well, we honestly think she is entitled to about that proportion. Thirteen guillotines, properly impelled by steam, and working day and night, might make New York in the course of a few weeks, or months, quite an endurable city to live in.

By the way, perhaps our English friends have not heard that the President intends having one of those guillotines set up in the famous East Room of the White House, in order that he may take a little exercise occasionally. His health suffers somewhat from confinement, and it is supposed a little exercise of a morning in chopping off heads will be almost equal to rail-splitting, for which occupation the President naturally pines. In case of any intervention on the part of England and France, the heads of the ambassadors of those nations will go off at once with a jerk.

Oh, there's nothing like a good guillotine,
With honest old Abe to work the machine.

COMPLIMENTARY.

M. Pelletan, a French writer, in a recent work, thus apostrophizes us "Yankees:"

"The American of the North, the 'Yankee,' the 'clown,' the 'worshipper of the almighty dollar,' behold what he does when the slaveholding South, as if to fasten upon the negro the tyranny of climate, tears the bond of union. For a simple metaphysical idea—the Union; for another abstract idea, legality; for a dozen of stars more or less on a stripe of bunting, the American of the North offers upon the altar of his country his last man and his last dollar. He gives the example, never known before, of a voluntary budget; he takes the rifle himself, ready to die for abstract justice. He learns the art of war, as the France of the Republic did under the fire of the enemy; he hesitates at first, he loses the battle at first; but be sure he wins the day at last. Do you know any grander spectacle in history—any fairer apotheosis of freedom?"

Thus, one good result of the present war, is, as the above indicates, already secured. No longer can Americans be taunted with a supreme love of filthy lucre. Whatever else may be said of them, it cannot be said that they put either their money or their lives above their principles. In fact, the general complaint of Europe now is, that they pour out both money and blood with too little regard for the value of those commodities. But history will do us justice; in the light of the Future, it will be seen, that the great objects to be attained fully warranted the sacrifice.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPERS.

The French novelist Balzac, shows in one of his novels, it is said, that Cinderella's slippers were not of *glass*, not *verre*, but *vair*, the ancient name of a very valuable kind of fur, the use of which was reserved by special edicts to the nobility. Two varieties of this fur were recognized, *grand* and *menu vair* (great and small vair,) the latter of which is referred to in the old English poetry as "Miniver." So that Cinderella's slippers, instead of being of such a fragile material as glass, were really of very fine fur. Our juvenile readers especially, will be thankful for this information; as they must often have wondered how slippers that would bear to be danced in, could be made of such a fragile material as glass.

MR. MASON JONES.—This is the name of an Irish gentleman, who is said to have attracted great attention in London as a lecturer, and who is now lecturing in New York. We hope to hear him soon in Philadelphia. The fact that Mr. Jones has always enthusiastically upheld the cause of the American Union when at home, entitles him to the kindly greetings and good wishes of every true-hearted American.

AGRICULTURE.—We are indebted to the Hon. W. D. Kelley for a copy of the Report of the Commissioner of Patents on Agriculture, for the year 1861.

SHARP.—The New York *World* draws the following pictures of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the Rev. George B. Cheever. They represent the "dark sides" of those gentlemen. The many admirers of these two clergymen, as well as the reverend gentlemen themselves, probably will be more amused than indignant at the portraits:—

"Doctor Beecher is a broad, coarse, hearty nature of the West, transplanted into an atmosphere more intensely Puritan than is now breathed anywhere in New England. A wandering grace of tenderness runs through him like gold streaks in rough ore. The rest is a clumsy mass, more apt for the sledge hammer than the rapier. He has perfected the fine art of pulpit buffoonery."

"Doctor Cueever missed his century.—Spain and Torquemada should have nursed that blighted zeal, that fire of domination quivering under the adust complexion and feline gait of a holy office familiar. In the day he deserved, he would have gone or sent, indifferent, to the stake; the day he has fallen upon for its darkening shapes him into a clerical Ishmaelite."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EYES AND EARS. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

A great many hard things have been said of Henry Ward Beecher, as of most other men whose strong individuality makes them stand out angularly in this world of ours, where most of us become by attrition rolled round, smooth, and patternless, like marbles. This one calls him coarse; that one irreverent; some complain of his rousing way of shaking up sinners from their opiate-lulled sleep; some of his persistence in preaching of the outward doings of the world, as well as of its inner life. But no one, we presume, in the length or breadth of the land ever called him puerile, insipid, or dull. The mere announcement of the collection in book form of a hundred or so of articles which have sparkled out in the columns of various newspapers during the last three or four years, is an assurance that here is a book which will certainly amuse, almost as certainly to all, instruct. We believe it will do both, and both in a high degree, for light and even frolicsome as the articles are, there is a current of deep earnestness ever underlying them.

Admiring Mr. Beecher very truly, we do still sometimes allow, when pressed very hard by his severest critics, that there is a certain vein of coarseness that sometimes comes infelicitously to the surface alike in his oral and written discourses. But we are not disposed to dwell very long on this point when we find so much in him that is good, true, and delightful. The most doughty knight does not always strike his blows with the daintiest grace. We prefer brave Launcelot to dainty Gawain.

The articles in this little volume are as various in shape and tint as the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, running through many phases of town and country life. Of the two classes of subjects we prefer the latter beyond all odds. An eye so keen to see, a heart so honestly open to all the sweet influences of nature are rarely met together. One of the great charms in his country pictures is the complete individualization of every member of the lower creation that is touched upon. What can be better for instance than the description of the pumpkin, from the moment that the quickly germinating seed "lifts the soil and emits two great honest spoon-shaped leaves that stand looking about in simple surprise, as if the world looked greatly different from what they expected," till the hearty, buxom thing is glorified by its golden fruition?

"City boys in the country" is admirable. Every mother of three or four boys will testify to its accuracy, and thank the writer who has so well depicted her trials and their possible reward.

To name all that we particularly like in these articles would be merely a dull catalogue, so we give, as a sample taken almost at random, two little bits of rustic description, the one sweet and tender, the other full of fun that still draws a moral after it.

"ARE BIRDS WORTH THEIR KEEPING?

"The robin is our sweetest summer singer. This universal favorite has a variety of songs. All are sweet, but one rises far above all the rest. At evening, the sun gone down, the cows returned from pasture, the landscape radiant in its salient points, but growing dim and solemn underneath, then, as you sit musing in your door, you shall hear from a tree on the lawn a little distant, a continuous calling song, full of sweet importunity mingled with sadness. It is the call for its absent mate. Sometimes it rolls and gurgles for but a moment, when a shadow flies through the air, and a sudden flash of leaves, the song stops, two birds glide out upon the sky, and fly to their home. But at other times the bird's grief is your gain. No coming mate shortens his song. Some remorseless boy has brought her down, to sing and build and brood no more; some cat or hawk or gazing snake has dined upon the fair thing. And so, though the twilight falls, and the evening grows darker, the song calls on, pausing only to change the manner, throwing in here and there coaxing notes and staccato exclamations of impatience, but going back soon to the gushing, pining, yearning home call. Take all my strawberries if you want them, oh, singer! Come to-morrow for my cherries! You pay me in one single song for all that you can eat in a summer, and leave me still in your debt. For there is no such thing as *paying* for that which touches your heart, raises your imagination, wings your fancy, and carries you up by inspired thoughts above the level of selfish life."

"JOYS AND SORROWS OF EGGS.

"It has sometimes happened that, when busy about the 'chores'—foddering the horse, or throwing down hay to the cows, we discovered a nest brimming with hidden eggs. The hat was the bonded warehouse, of course. But sometimes it was a cap not of suit-ble capacity. Then the pocket came into play, and chiefly the skirt pockets. Of course we intended to transfer them immediately after getting into the house, for eggs are as dangerous in the pocket, though for different reasons, as powder would be in a forgeman's pocket. And so, having finished the evening's work, and put the pin into the stable-door, we sauntered towards the house, behind which, and right over Chestnut Hill, the broad moon stood showering all the east with silver twilight! All earthly care and treasures were forgot in the dreamy pleasure, and at length entering the house,—supper being already delayed for us,—we drew up the chair and peacefully sunk into it, with a suppressed and indescribable crunch and liquid crackle underneath us, which brought us up again in the liveliest manner, and with outcries which seemed made up of all the hen's cackles of all the eggs which were now holding carnival in our pockets. *Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum*, &c., which means, It is easy to get eggs into your pocket, but how to get them out again, that's the question! And it was the question! Such a hand-dripping business,—such a scene when the slightly angry mother and the disgusted maid turned the pockets inside out."

* * * * * *

"Three times within our melancholy remembrance did we perform this shameful act, until a hen's-nest affected us with peculiar horror.

"Are we the only man that sits down on eggs? Is not the whole world hunting nests, and laying up their treasures in pockets behind them, and sitting down on all their spoils when it is too late? Are there not other things beside eggs which are very fair on the outside, and very clean if tenderly handled, which, when broken, are most foul to the rsimeat and the touch? Are there no men whose experience of long-sought love is but eggs in the pocket of one who sits down? Are there no men filling their pockets with thin shelled, golden eggs, which fortune lays, and which they mean to carry home and employ for all domestic uses, but which in the end are crushed and only soil their pockets?"

MISTRESS AND MAID. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By Miss MULOCH, author of "John Halifax," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "Nothing New," "Agatha's Husband," &c., &c. Harper & Bros., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

This latest work of Miss Muloch's is characterised by all that elevation and purity of sentiment which has been the chief element of her well-deserved popularity. Its interest, however, is not so well sustained as has been the case with its predecessors. The story is a very simple and quiet one; the range of characters is limited, the emotions subdued, and the whole picture painted in quiet neutral tints. Hilary, the heroine, is a fair creation, and the reader is pleased to see her long years of patient duty finally crowned with happy love, even if unable to realize the loveableness of the man she chooses, the hard Scotchman, Robert Lyon, who leaves his love for a seven years absence with no better pledge of affection to cheer her loneliness than a composed "You must trust me, Hilary." Women have strange ideals sometimes. The range of novel heroes has widened in all sorts of unaccountable directions since the days when grimness, middle-age, and ugly experiences first became invested with interest in the person of Mr. Rochester; but we do not remember to have ever met with quite such a hard-favored specimen of a lover as Mr. Robert Lyon. We may affirm that he could not possibly have been made a hero of by any one but a woman, a pre-eminently feminine woman, and moreover an unmarried one;—a proposition which we leave the reader to develope for him or herself.

If Miss Muloch's works can be characterized by any special epithet it is that of "feminine." Her whole view of life is biased by her womanly characteristics. Love is lord of all for her: not the composite love which we see bearing the wear and tear of actual life, but an ideal of woman's love, solemn, immutable, self-abnegating. It is pure and beautiful, but lacks the healthy sphere of naturalness, without whose restraint even the best ideas and feelings become chimerical and dangerous.

INTUITIONS AND SUMMARIES OF THOUGHT. By C. N. BEVRE. In Two Volumes. Published by William Veazie, Boston.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. From the earliest time to the establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA CRITICALLY EXAMINED. By the RIGHT REV'D. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND. A narrative of the Military Operations of Major-General G. B. McClellan During the Months of May and June, 1862. By JOEL COOK, special correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. Published by G. W. Childs, Philadelphia.

THE PHANTOM BOUQUET; A popular treatise on the art of skeletonizing leaves and seed vessels. By EDWARD PARRISH. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE TWO HOMES; OR, EARNING AND SPENDING. By Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE, author of "Household Angels," &c. Published by Andrew F. Graves, Boston; for sale by Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia.

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG EYES. St. Petersburg. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D., (Kirwan). By SAMUEL I. PRIME, author of "Travels in Europe," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia.

A MANUAL OF INFORMATION AND SUGGESTIONS FOR OBJECT LESSONS. By MARCIUS WILSON, author of "Wilson's Historical Series," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ When X. Y. Z. arrived from Europe the other day, among the first things he observed were the crowds of men on the streets wearing shoulder-straps, and he asked his friend U. V. W. if the army was in the vicinity of Philadelphia. "Oh no," said U., "the army is in Virginia." "Well, then, what *are* those men?" said X. "Officers," rejoined U., sententiously. "Why, how's that?" retorted X., sharply, "when you say the army 's in Virginia? Oh, I see it now," continued X., waking up as if from a brown study; "they're *Penns officers!*"—*Philada. Inquirer.*

☞ The little daughter of Philip Doddridge was once catechising a favorite lapdog. "Do you know," said she, "who made you?" The unconscious quadruped answered with a stupid stare. "Oh, shame upon you!" resumed the questioner; "you Doctor Doddridge's dog, and not to know who made you!"

☞ A cute Yankee in Kansas sells liquor in a gun-barrel instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law and make it appear, beyond dispute, that he is selling liquor by the barrel.

☞ The Richmond papers say, that unless some plan is devised to increase the supply of coal, there will be an unusual amount of suffering in Richmond this winter. Coal is not only dear, but so scarce that money will not buy it.

☞ A man ceases to be a savage when you can awaken in him a desire to buy and sell.

☞ Fault is found with the names of our new national ships. This is hard, for not only are those names original, but they are aboriginal.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES."

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

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☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis when requested.

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NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

OUR ARMIES.

According to the recent report of the Secretary of War, by recent returns, the officers and men of our armies then in the field constituted a force of seven hundred and seventy-five thousand three hundred and thirty-six. Since the date of those returns the number has been increased to over *eight hundred thousand.*

Under the calls of the President issued in July and August last, there have been organized and placed in the field four hundred and twenty-five thousand men. Of these three hundred and ninety-nine thousand are volunteers, and but twenty-one thousand raised by conscription.

Resulting from this we find that of the more than eight hundred thousand men now in the field in the armies of the Union, at least seven hundred and eighty thousand are volunteers. Foreign critics will please make a note of these facts. We especially invite the attention of those inveterate false prophets, the scribes of the London press, to the interesting fact that since the time, and that but four months ago, when they predicted that the loyal states had exhausted their power to raise other armies by any means, they have placed in the field *four hundred thousand volunteers.*

As collateral figures having a strong interest, we note that of the recent volunteers three hundred and thirty-two thousand are for three years; and that of these forty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety are for the old regiments. We were not at all prepared to find so gratifying an exhibit as this, and we feel assured that the public will be as well pleased to hear it as we are to give it prominence on the record.

"Down, then, with the banner of treason,
And up with the Red, White and Blue."

FROM NEW ORLEANS.—Gen. Butler, in a letter just received says that his two regiments of colored troops have rendered him very great service, and have enabled him to do much more than he could have accomplished without them.

He is supporting at Government expense 30,000 white people, and 10,000 colored people, and has nevertheless paid into the Treasury three quarters of a million of dollars, the proceeds of confiscation of rebel property.

A SECESH planter, living not far from New Orleans, wrote last spring that four of his slaves, who had run away to the Yankees, had returned. "They have had enough of liberty and were glad to come back." But in his next letter to the North he told a different tale. The four had run away again, and taken with them 200 more!

☞ Some months since, at the time the Richmond papers made mention of the confirmation of Jeff. Davis in the Episcopal church, a little girl asked her mother if Jeff. Davis would go to heaven if he died. The mother replied that she did not know anything about it. "Well," said the little girl, "there is one thing that I know." Being asked what it was, she said, "I know, if Jeff. Davis goes to heaven, General Washington won't speak to him."

☞ A pretty sinner may chance to be more attractive than an ugly saint, and parsons sometimes find it out. A good story is told of a Yankee divine, of an advanced age, who married, for his second wife, a damsel young and handsome. When the elders of the church came to him to inquire if the lady was a suitable person to make a useful figure as a parson's wife, he answered frankly that he didn't think she was. "But," added the irrepressible doctor, "although I don't pretend she is a saint, she is a very pretty little sinner, and *I love her.*" And the twain became one flesh.

☞ A strong minded lady (a very light "blue") was asked what an "Education Minute" was like? when she replied, "I have not the smallest notion, my dear, but I conjecture that every 'Hour of Progress' must be composed of 'Education Minutes.'"

☞ Mr. Dion Boucicault, the "sensation" novelist, and "author" of *The Collegians, or the Colleen Bawn*, has a new work in the press called *Rienzi, or Nydia the Blind Girl.* The former work has been erroneously attributed to Gerald Griffin, and the latter to Lytton Bulwer.—*London Punch.*

☞ Be sure and pay your doctor's bills promptly, because the famous Dr. Flint, of Northampton, used to say that people who paid their doctor's bills regularly were apt to get more careful treatment when sick than those who were poor pay, because the doctors couldn't afford to have them die.

☞ Whiskey is $40 a gallon in the rebel states, and awful mean at that. The distillation of grain is absolutely forbidden under a heavy penalty, and the people of Virginia have converted all their apples and peaches into alcohol. The consumption of apple jack is enormous, every "nip" of which costs a handful of Confederate shin-plasters. It appears that the higher liquor gets the more is drank there. The people wont keep sober for fear they will repent of having engaged in the rebellion.

☞ It is said that the rebel government is about to close the whole of the newspaper offices in the confederacy. It needs all the paper that can be had to make confederate scrip.

☞ General Burnside's war horse, "Colonel," is described as a bay, with a compact, heavy body, and short, stumpy legs, being well calculated for the weight of his doughty rider. "Colonel" is twenty years old, and carried his master through the Mexican War, immediately after he graduated, in 1847. He is still full of spirit, but tranquil as a stone under fire, which he eyes with supreme indifference. His dignified composure is ruffled only by any attempt at familiarity on the part of a stranger. With kindled eyes, he then starts back and strikes at him horizontally with his fore foot.

☞ Not a single type foundry is to be found south of Baltimore, and most of the southern papers, unless they succeed in getting type from Europe, will be compelled, in the course of a year, to suspend publication, on account of the worn-out condition of the type from which they are printed. So far as typography is concerned, the rebel papers already present a wretched appearance.

☞ A lad not long since spanking of a soldier in one of the New York regiments, who was wounded in battle, said: "He was killed, wounded, and missing, but the last we heard from him he was doing well."

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Dec. 7.—Last night the weather was intensely cold, and some of the troops suffered for want of blankets. Ice formed in the Potomac and Aquia creek from one and a half to two inches thick to-day. The sun came out fair and cheering but the air continued piercing cold. The roads are very hard and very rough.

Officers well informed state that Jackson has arrived near Fredericksburg, and joined his forces with those already there. They also report that the enemy have extended their lines several miles further down the Rappahannock.

On Tuesday the rebels brought some field pieces to bear on our gunboats lying in the Rappahannock, near Front Royal. A few shots soon compelled them to withdraw their guns out of range. No harm was done on either side.

There is nothing new from the other side of the river. The enemy have not changed their position.

Gen. Geary Occupies Winchester.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Special Harper's Ferry dispatches state that General Geary, with 3,300 infantry, 13 pieces of artillery and 50 cavalry, marched upon Winchester, on the 3rd inst. and demanded its surrender, which was complied with—the people exhibiting many signs of joy at his arrival. He reports to General Slocum having left Harper's Ferry on the 1st, met the enemy's cavalry, under White, Henderson, and Bayler, at Charlestown, routing them with much loss in wounded. He marched into Berryville the same evening, again met the enemy, drew them into a trap, killing five and wounding eighteen. The same evening he bivouacked three miles beyond Berryville. The next day he advanced beyond the Oquequam, skirmishing with the rebel cavalry and infantry, and bivouacked in Ash Hollow, between Berryville and Winchester.

Our troops captured 100 horses and mules, and several wagon loads of flour belonging to the rebel army. At Winchester 125 rebels, unable to escape, were paroled; 75 rebel conscripts claimed protection, which was granted, and five Union prisoners were released.

Gen. Geary, in pursuance of orders, then returned to Harper's Ferry, though large deputations of the citizens begged him to remain.

Our only loss was one man slightly wounded.

Battle in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 7.—I have just learned that a battle has taken place on our outpost line between our advanced forces and the rebel troops under Gen. John Morgan, the notorious guerilla leader. The fight took place at Hartsville this morning.

Col. Moore's brigade was repulsed several times by the enemy, and finally captured. Our troops made a desperate resistance, but were finally forced to succumb. Our loss in killed and wounded is estimated at sixty, but may be more. Our killed and wounded were left upon the battle field.

Morgan attacked Gen Fry this afternoon at Gallatin, but was repulsed, with heavy loss.

Gen. Fry has been reinforced, and is now following the enemy closely.

General Buell and staff arrived here this morning.

The War in the South-West.

CAIRO, ILL., Dec. 6.—From the Memphis papers we learn that Gen. Hovey's expedition, 20,000 strong, which left Helena, Ark., some days ago, landed at Friar's Point, 15 or 20 miles below, and marched to Grenada, Miss., and took possession of that place on last Monday.

A large number of the citizens of Grenada fled on the approach of our troops.

The editor of the Memphis Appeal had removed his newspaper establishment to Marietta, Ga.

Before the occupation of Grenada by the U. S. troops, the rebels burned some 15 or 20 locomotives and about 100 cars.

Miscellaneous.

It is reported that the Navy Department has received information of the whereabouts of the pirate Alabama, and that the Vanderbilt has gone in search of her.

Lately an attack was made by a regiment of cavalry, and another of infantry, on the rebels at Cold Knob, in Greenbrier county, Va., and a large number of prisoners and much material were captured.

There is to be an election at Norfolk and the surrounding counties for a Member of Congress.

The Virginia House of Representatives have passed resolutions asking Senator Carlile to resign, on the ground that he has not fulfilled his pledges, and shown himself sufficiently in favor of putting down the rebellion.

The steamer Ocean Queen, from Aspinwall, reports that a heavy gale had visited that part of the country. Two vessels were wrecked, and the U. S. brig Bainbridge was abandoned, after her stores and guns had been thrown overboard.

☞ When the brave Colonel Campbell, of the artillery corps of Pennsylvania Reserves, was before a military board of examiners, composed of West Point Cadets, they asked him what he would do with his battery if the enemy were in front, flanking him on the right and left, and approaching his rear? He turned to his examiners, and with the utmost coolness replied, "I would do as you did at Bull Run—run like the d—l!"

☞ DEMANDS OF LOVE.—Love requires not so much *proofs* as *expressions* of love. Love demands little else than power to feel and to requite love.—*Richter.*

☞ Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Perkins, of Auburn, having been married ten years, were recently complimented with a Tin Wedding. Among the *tin-y* articles presented to the happy couple where tin horns, and spoons, and an excruciating "stove-pipe" hat of tin!

☞ A little boy asked his mother what "blood relations" meant. She explained to him that it signified near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said: "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got!"

☞ We always like to see gentlemen and ladies with beautiful rich gold rings on their fingers, and long dirty finger-nails—it looks so neat and genteel.

☞ AN ANCIENT RELIC.—Lately an ancient Etruscan tomb was discovered, which had for ages been hermetically sealed under ages of accretions. Those who entered saw warriors reclining in their places, in their armor and in their habits as they lived, the color, make and material of their robes all fresh and perfectly preserved, until the entrance of the outer air caused them all slowly to fall to dust and disappear.

FU' FIFTY TIMES A DAY I SWEAR.

A SONG.

Fu' fifty times a day I swear
How truly I do hate her,
An' rack my brain to see how low
In ugliness I'll rate her;
I ca' her a' the names I ken,
Minx, coquette, base deceiver,
But when she smiles on me again,
An angel I believe her.

But yester-eve I swore, again,
I never wished to see her,
An' if I spied her o'er so far,
I'd turn away and flee her;
I wished her in the deep blue sea,
Aye! anywhere whatever,
An' vowed I would not speak to her,
No! that I would na—never!

Just then a han' was on my arm,
A voice said, "Donald—Mister!"
I turned—her arch an' smiling face
Invited mo—I kissed her!
'Twas vain I tried to keep my vow,
Lassies are so beguiling,
Wha' can—wha' can a poor man do,
When pretty woman's smiling?

FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON.

[*Chambers's London Journal* condenses the following interesting account of "Female Life in Prison," from a recent work by a "Prison Matron."]

There is no human being in this country so prominently brought before his fellow-creatures as the criminal, from the moment that his heinous offence against society is committed, to that wherein the judge pronounces his sentence of penal servitude. There is no newspaper than can afford to refuse the publication of his exploits, and there are not a few which mainly derive their popularity from the materials furnished by himself and friends. On the other hand, there is nobody who is so instantaneously and completely lost sight of as the felon after condemnation. In some of our courts of justice, there is a trap-door in the dock itself, with a steep ladder leading downwards, I know not whither; but as soon as the last words of penal doom have been uttered, that trap is lifted, and the felon descends, to be no more seen of men for years to come. Not more suddenly is he thus withdrawn from our physical eyes than from our mental vision. Another wretch at once monopolizes his place in our minds as in the dock he has just quitted. We know not, and we do not care to inquire, whither he is gone. Even the sombre piles which receive such men—the very prisons themselves—have a faculty of getting out of sight. For every hundred of us who has seen the House of Parliament, there are not five who have set eyes on gloomy Millbank, not a mile to southward of them, and certainly not wanting in magnitude. Many prisons, too, are purposely erected as far as possible from the abodes of free men, on peninsulas jutting out to sea, or on desolate barren moors. Of the daily lives of the men immured in these places, we hear nothing, save when some terrible *emeute* takes place within them, and the devil shakes his chain with hideous clamor. Of felon men, I say, we know but little and of felon women, nothing. The philanthropist, the statistician, and the magazine-writer could obtain permission without much difficulty to visit their *brethren* in affliction, whenever they were so minded; but to be admitted into the precincts devoted to the fair sex, it was necessary to get an order from the Secretary of State. To have female life in prison described by a prison matron,* is, therefore, to have quite a new door opened in the social fabric.

Let us enter. We shall see sights sad and strange, and even what some people (who are more fond of holding up their hands in horror than in helping folks in difficulties) call "shocking;" but the experience may be beneficial, nevertheless. The prison matron has given us a photograph, and not a pretty picture, of penal life; a lady who is worked fourteen hours a day—"and such work!" as she remarks with more truth than elegance of style—has not much time for sentimentalities. She is given to be rather hard upon tender murderesses, and impressible kleptomaniacs, and even to consider them (as one of her charges used to express it) "rubbish." A romantic prison matron would indeed be about as much out of place as a flower in a dog-kennel. She could not exist in it a day, and certainly not a night—"pacing the dimly-lighted wards, and listening for a breath or murmur that may be significant of one ill at ease within the cells; checking at times artful signals on the wall between one prisoner and another; or pausing, perhaps for company's sake, to whisper a 'good-night' to some one as sleepless as herself; passing in due course to the 'dark cells,' away from the general prison, and looking in to make sure that the woman who has been carried there for breaking her windows, or tearing her blankets, or assaulting her officer, is quite safe; listening perhaps to the wild snatches of song that well thence, and may personify the screeching of some demon, vindictive and defiant, and with no claim upon humanity—striving, perhaps, to reason with her, and being sworn at for her pains; or, possibly, just possibly, if she be a favorite of the woman's, persuading her to be silent, and to try to sleep. And so, from night till morning, to and fro, to and fro, like a restless spirit, rendered restless by the shadows of crime that may haunt such places at such hours, wanders the matron, till the daylight filters through the windows."

So terrible, indeed, is our matron's occupation, that she becomes in a manner unsexed, and entertains a certain grim humor, by way of comfort, just after the fashion of a man. Wherever good-feeling permits her to do so, she suffers her narrative to take a tinge of drollery, which greatly relieves its horror.

The very first sacrifice that a female prisoner has to make at the shrine of justice, is that of her hair, and this she objects to very much. "Women whose hearts have not quailed, perhaps, at the murder of their infants, or the poisoning of their husbands, clasp their hands in horror at this sacrifice of their natural adornment—weep, beg, pray, occasionally assume a defiant attitude, resist to the last, and are finally overcome only by force. It is one of the most painful tasks of the prison this hair-cutting operation—moreover, it is, in my own opinion at least, a test of character. One woman will be resigned to her fate on the instant, and, with a Socratic stoicism, will compress her lips, submit herself to the shears, and march away to her bath afterwards in a business-like manner. A second will have a shivering fit over it, a third will weep passionately, and a fourth will pray to be spared the indignity, and implore the matron, on her knees, to go to the lady-superintendent, and state her case for her. Some women are impressed with the idea that coaxing will go a long way towards softening the matron's heart, or at least obtain some relaxation of the rule, and permission to retain a greater length of hair on their heads; consequently, they bestow many "my dears," and "God bless you's," on the operator.

"The greatest trouble in my experience of prison-life was with an old woman of sixty years of age, and with about the same number of gray hairs on her head. She was an old prison-bird—had spent two-thirds of her life in confinement, and was as vain of her personal appearance as any girl of seventeen.

"'No, Miss B——,' she said, to the operator, after catching sight of the scissors, and drawing herself up with the haughtiness of a duchess, 'not this time, if you please, Miss B——, it can't be done.'

"But Miss B—— replied it could be done, and was absolutely necessary to be done before the prisoner left the room.

"'Things have altered a little, Miss B——, since I saw you last, I can assure you. You've no power to touch a hair of my head, mum.'

"'How's that?'

"'If you please, mum, I'm married;' and the old woman regarded the matron with significant triumph.

"'And what's that to do with it? sit down—you really must sit down.'

"'What's that to do with it?' shrieked the old woman indignantly; "*why, it's my husband's hair now*, and you daren't touch it, according to law. It belongs to my husband, not to me, and you've no right to touch it—Lord bless you, the Queen of England daren't lay a finger on it now?"

These mistaken views—which are precisely the same sort of errors which, according to the Saturday Review, pervade all legal novels—are very prevalent among female criminals. They are constantly invoking the aid of that Justice which they have outraged, upon the most frivolous pretences. They demand to see the governor; *he* knows the law of England, of course; they will make a full statement to the directors on the next board meeting, and please put their names down with that object in view, at once. Such an infamous violation of the laws of their native land they have never yet been witness to. They consider that the ceremony of marriage (about which they have less orthodox views in other respects) has something of the power of absolution in it; and when a lady is brought back to her old quarters at Millbank or Brixton, she is anxious to inform everybody of her having married since her last incarceration, while "the husband, more often than otherwise, is alleged to be in the army—probably out of compliment to the military character of the governor and his deputy." Many of these ladies are physically competent to enter the profession of arms themselves, and at once give battle to the hair-cutter. Here is a picture of such an Amazon: "She was a tall, powerful woman, with a face of a tigress and the limbs of an athlete, and one glance was sufficient to convince the matrons in attendance that it was beyond their power to master her. On such occasions, the guards on duty in the outer yards, or in the men's prison, are summoned to put the handcuffs on, while the necessary ceremony is gone through. In this case it required three men to secure her wrist, whilst her hair was cut the requisite length, she struggling and cursing, and swearing long after the operation was over—even when she was in her refractory cell, while the gas was burning feebly in the wards, the matron on night duty gliding noiselessly along the passages, and the clock in the yard chiming the early hours of morning." The female hair is the subject of incessant anxiety to its proprietress, even in a prison where there is nobody (male) to look at it. "Seeing the doctor" is a privilege of which they avail themselves in large numbers, and very often solely to obtain his professional advice respecting their capillary attractions. "Will you be so good, sir, as to give me something to keep my hair from a-coming off? It ain't half as thick as it used to be, and I shall go out bald, sir, if you don't do something. It's a-coming out in handfuls." Or: "If you please, sir, I am sorry to say that I found some gray hairs in my head last night. It never happened before, sir. It's all this dreadful prison that's turning me gray."

Vanity is the last weakness to abandon the female breast, nor is it found wise altogether to prevent its demonstration, since, in some of the cases recorded by our authoress, it is not too much to say that it is the sole link that connects the Woman with the Human. Many female prisoners make use of the whiting of their walls to give a clearer appearance to their complexion. They draw out the red threads from the cotton shirts they have to make, or from their aprons, and having soaked them in water, transfer the coloring matter to their cheeks by way of rouge. They appropriate the ropes of their hammocks to serve as crinoline, or transform their sheets into full petticoats. One very uproarious young lady, who was always in the penal class cell—when not in the "dark" cell—withdrew the wires in front of the windows thereof, and made them serve as a substitute for "boning"—to stiffen her stays. As she only detached them here and there, the misappropriation would not have been discovered had not the ingenious fair one fainted away in chapel one morning, a victim to this extra tight-lacing.

Among the ladies at Millbank and Brixton there is an incessant and piteous appeal for hair-pins; but a stony-hearted government will make no provision for this want, remarking that "string will do." "Bless your handsome face, how charming you are looking this morning, miss," observed one fair flatterer to our matron; "there's a kind of color on your cheeks that just sets you off like. My dear good soul," with a sudden drop of her voice to a hasty whisper, "have you got such a thing as a hair-pin to spare?" Pieces of glass are quite as much in request as with a tribe of savages. "A woman will break a window for a piece of glass, secure the largest piece in her bed, and mourn over the seeming accident with a display of feeling verging on the histrionic. This accident is often excused, and the cell searched for all the pieces. As a rule, despite the most rigid scrutiny, the woman contrives to conceal one piece. With a background to her glass—a black piece of cloth filched from her work, or the smoke from the gas or candle in her cell—she contrives an apology for a looking-glass, and guards her treasure with zealous care. The possession of a trifle of this kind will often keep the worst woman patient for many weeks—the confiscation thereof will transform her into a fury." A threat to substitute white night-caps for the not very modish head-dresses at present in vogue at Millbank, "convulsed the prisoners with horror," says our authoress, who is by no means given to exaggerated expressions. "I remember once passing a cell," says she, "the outer door of which had been left open one summer night by order of the doctor, when I was startled by the appearance at the iron grating of a figure in her night-dress—a poor, delicate woman who had turned from her bed to exchange a few words with me. I had a candlestick in my hand at the time, and was passing to my own room at the end of the ward. 'Lord bless you, miss!' whined the woman; 'I'm so glad to see you to-night; I've something on my mind.'

"'You must not talk; you'll disturb the other women.'

"'I'll only whisper it—if you won't mind just a word, miss.'

"'Just a word' is a great boon—an everlasting favor conferred—with the more grateful of this class, and I went nearer the grating to hear her statement. Beginning in a low, lachrymose vein, intended to arouse my sympathy and interest in her coming relation, she suddenly darted a long, naked arm through the grating, and hooked some of the melted tallow from the candle in my hand.

"'It's only jist a scrap of tallow for my hair, miss,' said she, applying it to that treasured ornament very rapidly with both hands; 'it do get awful rough without fat, to be sure! and I'm very much obliged to you, miss. God bless you!' And with a triumphant laugh at her own adroitness, she darted from the grating into her bed." These little ebullitions, which, in society without, would be considered almost indecorous, form the *agremens* of life at Brixton or Millbank—the incidents of good-humor and of favorable calm. The monotony of prison is so hideously irksome, that it produces in a vast number of female cases what are called "breakings out"—not escapes, but escape-valves. Even the quietest natures desire some sort of relief from the invariable routine. "I assure you, miss," observed one somewhat impulsive matron to our authoress, "that when I hear the glass shattering and the women screaming, my temples throb, my ears tingle, and I want to break something—dreadfully." There is the fun of the outbreak, and there is the laudable notion of retaliating upon the arm of the law. "I'll serve 'em out for putting me in here," is often the remark with which an act of wholesale damage is accompanied. The prison blankets used to be torn in such infinitesimal strips that sacking-sheets stitched with string were substituted. "The demolition of these being a trying ordeal for the finger-nails, they answered well for a time, until one woman, more crafty than her fellow-prisoners, made a feint of destroying her dinner-can, and concealing one strip of the metal, which she sharpened during the night; with this murderous instrument she cut up the sacking with great exultation, and called attention to her success in the morning. Some of the boldest women even make attempts to set their cells on fire when the gas is lighted, and have so far succeeded as to have conceived great fear of being roasted alive before help arrived, and have therefore startled the whole prison with their clamors for release.

"The strength of some of these women during their fits of frenzy is greatly in excess of the men's. It always requires two, very often three, of the guards to force one fighting, plunging woman from her cell to the 'dark;' tables and bedsteads snapping under their hands like splints of firewood. One woman, named M'Williams—a woman of small stature, but of extraordinary strength—succeeded one night at Brixton in wrenching the inner door of a dark cell completely off its hinges." The lady's progress from her chamber to the place of punishment can be sometimes traced by shreds and patches of her own garments, by tufts of hair from the men's heads and whiskers, and by the buttons of their official uniform. One young person, who, besides great personal attractions, possessed the unusual advantage (for a female) of being an excellent boxer, was partial to "climbing to her window-sill, sitting thereon, and passing her head, arms, and legs through the exterior iron bars. In this extraordinary and ridiculous position, Lennan would remain for a considerable time, refusing to change it, and expressing her satisfaction at the state of affairs in general.

"'Don't trouble yourself about me, Miss ——,' she would say impudently in reply to the matron's remonstrance; 'it's very comfor'ble up here, and one gets a mighty lot of fresh air, which the Lord knows is wanted. I ain't a-coming down these eight-and-forty hours.'

"And Johannah Lennan kept to her position until it became necessary to send for the male officers.

"'Oh, here's the lads!' she would remark on their arrival, 'as if I couldn't have been allowed up here a bit!'

"'Are you coming down, Lennan?' was the gruff demand.

"'Not if I can help it,' was the response; 'I mean to stick here as long as I can, my fine fellows!' and when she came away, it was with the frame of the window in her hands."

Another of our matron's young charges was very considerate upon the subject of "breakings out." She must have them, but she was ready to put them off to a convenient season.

"If you say it will put you out—that your head can't stand it—I'll wait a little while, miss."

"It is sure to put me out."

"Then I'll put it off. Just for a little while, you know."

"Very well."

"You'll tell me when your head can stand it a little better?" she would ask quite childishly, and, like a child, be appeased by a promise to that effect.

Sometimes, but not often, sheer wantonness rather than evil temper is the incentive to these extraordinary fits of energy. Our authoress gives us types of every class, and the pleasantest type of all is a dreadfully boisterous one of the name of Tib. She is not much worse than several school-boys of our acquaintance; but then if she only were a school boy, poor girl!

"Her favorite amusement when proceeding to chapel was to tread on the heels of the woman preceding her, pull her hair or the back of her bonnet, thrust playfully a pin into any part of her person that might be handy for the purpose, and almost choke herself with suppressed laughter at the indignation aroused. In chapel it was a matter of impossibility to keep her decorous; she would sift uneasily in her seat, fidget with her feet, drop her hymn-book, whisper frequently to her neighbor, stand up at unreasonable periods, or struggle hard with the next woman, who, perhaps, had sought to bring her back to her seat by jerking at the skirt of her dress. Her power of grimace was something remarkable. Her facial contortions would convulse a whole ward with laughter." When remonstrated with she would be penitent for several minutes, and then have a good "break-out," to indemnify *herself for* the unnatural calm. "It's such a jolly breeze, miss," she would say exultingly, as she danced about her cell after breaking all her windows, smashing her table, strewing the floor with fragments of sheets, blankets and rug, and winding up with an onslaught on her own personal apparel: "have the men been sent for yet?" This lady once took a "header" into the snow bank that fringed the exercising ground at Millbank, and disappeared for a moment altogether. Poor Tib! It is pleasanter to linger over her rough horse-play than to think or write of matters contrasted with which these things are innocent frolics.

As a class, says our authoress, mournfully but quite decisively, these women are "desperately wicked—deceitful, crafty, malicious, lewd, and void of common feeling." A very bad woman at Millbank is a demon. No two lines, in the opinion of the prison matron, are more true to human nature than these:

For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.

The commonest wisdom of the world deserts them as well as all the virtues. The male prisoners are influenced by some amount of reason and forethought, but the female prisoner flies in the very face of prudence, and acts more like a mad creature than a rational human being. Very literally, she fears neither god nor man. Let a single type of this terrible class suffice. "One woman, named Honor Matthews, the most desperate and abandoned of a desperate class, once refused to leave the "dark" when her time had expired, flung herself on the floor, and announced her intention to remain there. The "dark" suited her; she should "break out" directly; she was put into her old cell, or attempt some one's life, threats which she swore to execute as soon as a favorable opportunity for committing either of these acts occurred. The woman's stay in the "dark" had been a long one, but there was no help for it, save to submit to her continuance there. She was one of the worst characters in the prison—unteachable, intractable and malicious. The door of the dark cell closed upon her again, and day after day passed—even week after week—without any signs of her altering her determination. The usual prison food was given her each day—I am not quite certain that even extra food was not allowed—and every inducement urged to prevail upon her to return to her customary duties. The matron in attendance had a favorite little kitten, which was accustomed to follow her about the wards; and it chanced that, in opening the door to attend to this woman, the kitten concealed itself in the cell, and was locked up with the prisoner. This feline intruder would have been hailed as a welcome guest by most women under the same circumstances; but this prisoner had never shown any affection for a living thing within the prison walls. The kitten was missed, and search made for it. The woman in the dark cell maintained she had seen nothing of it. "What made any one think she knew about the kitten?" The cell was opened, and the little animal found suffocated. "That's how I should like to serve the whole of you!" growled the heartless wretch."

Cruelty to animals is, however, not a common feature even with the worst women. Mice and sparrows are eagerly lured into the cells, to be made much of, and these effect considerable good with their hosts, so excellent is the exercise of kindness. Nor is even tender poetic feeling banished from the breasts of these unhappy women in all cases. Our matron was once looking in the course of her duty, through the "inspection" hole of a cell, and perceived the inmate "with her elbows on the table, gazing on a common daisy, which she had plucked from the patch of grass during her rounds—one of those rude, repulsive, yet not wholly bad prisoners, from whom no display of sentiment was anticipated. Yet the wistful look of that woman at her stolen prize was a gleam of as true sentiment as ever breathed in a poet's lines. A painter might have made much of her position, and a philosopher might have moralized concerning it, for the woman wept at last, dropped her head down on the table between her hands, and shed her bitter tears silently and noiselessly. The prison daisy must have spoken of the old innocent times—of the fields she crossed once with old friends—perhaps of daisies like unto that before her, which were growing on her mother's grave. Six months afterwards I saw that flower pressed between the leaves of her Bible—a little treasure I should not have had the heart to take away, had there been any laws of confiscation concerning daisies in "the books."

The desire for companionship is to some slight extent gratified among these poor creatures by the adoption of a prison "pal," but they can have no communication with her without getting into trouble, and the smuggling of a folded scrawl into her hand as they pass her in the passage, or the execution of a concerted piece with their fingers on the walls of their respective cells, is the extent of their friendly communion. In the prison infirmary, however, besides better diet and laxer discipline, there is society to be got, as well as that blessed thing we call "a change," and therefore to get placed on the sick list is the Millbank heaven. The schemes for attaining this end are unceasing, and the women care not at what sacrifice it is gained. Self-mutilation, and wanton destruction of health, are considered as nothing in the struggle to reach the infirmary ward. "A woman will coolly pound a piece of glass to powder, and bring on internal hæmorrhage, nay, often bring herself to the dark threshold of death's door, for the mere sake of the change. Bad hands and arms and feet will be studiously contrived by means of scissors, thimble, or a half-penny fastened to a wound; madness will be feigned, and stay-laces be twisted round the neck till respiration almost ceases." They perform this feat with a piece of list, or string, or a rope from their beds—there is no keeping every implement of self-destruction from a woman—and standing on their pail, put their heads into a running nooze fastened to iron work of the ventilator in the door, and then they give a kick to the pail, which sends the water streaming underneath the door, and alarms the matron—now and then not quite in time. With the less determined, tying a stay-lace round the neck, till the eyes nearly drop out of the head, and then waiting patiently for the arrival of the next comer, is quite a fashionable amusement. Pricking the gums with a needle to feign the spitting of blood, and soap-pills to give foaming at the mouth, occur, of course, to the meanest capacities; but some will grow so stark and stiff as to counterfeit death itself, and others will self-inflate themselves like the Nassau balloon. These last, when taken to the sick ward, will recover slowly, sit up for a day or two, and then take to their beds once more, and begin gradually to expand.

In the infirmary, of course, all sufferers, whether themselves the cause of their ailments or not, meet with every kindness. It is right to state, too, that the government exhibits, in other respects, a consideration and tenderness for these prison-women that may well be called paternal. On the day of liberty, women who live in the country are conducted to the railway station, seen into the carriage by a prison matron, and their fare paid by government to the station nearest home; if they are residents in London, a matron accompanies them home, and with a few parting words leaves them with their friends. Alas, and what friends these often are! An entire chapter of these interesting volumes is devoted to describing the various kinds of prisoners' friends. These descriptions are admirably graphic, but we have only room for one short specimen, which is unhappily the most ordinary type. The interviews take place in the presence of a matron, who sits within a wire screen that runs between the visitor and the visitee. Let a husband and wife be meeting for the first time:

"*Husband.* Well, you've made a mess of it this time, Sue, by George!

"*Wife.* So it seems.

"*Husband.* All your own fault, you know.

"*Wife.* Don't stand there telling lies, Joe. If it hadn't been for your blackguard goings on, I should never have come to this.

"*Husband.* You did it all yourself—you know you did. What, do you want to make this lady (*with a jerk of his thumb to the matron on duty*) believe all your cussed stories for?" &c.

There are, indeed, heart-broken mothers, forgiving fathers, and other really loving visitors, whose interviews are touching indeed; but the above is an example of the most common sort of "friends" that pay their visits to Millbank and Brixton once in three months. Government is a far more true and tender friend than these. It devises methods by which good conduct has its reward, not merely in remission of sentence, but in treatment within the prison walls; and when that good conduct has extended over a certain time at Millbank, the prisoner is removed to the less severe discipline of Brixton, and from that again to the comparative comfort of Fulham Refuge. Now and then, too, on medical grounds, a sufferer receives a pardon for her past offences, and is allowed to go free, that she may die in the arms of the friends or the parents from whom she has fled in early days.

There are a vast number of various characters, of whose crimes the public were once cognizant enough, portrayed in these two volumes, from the murderess of her children to the fashionable lady-swindler. But no general deduction can be drawn from them, by reason not only of their variety but of their inconsistencies. Those persons who have committed the worst crimes, who have only *just* escaped the gallows, are commonly the best behaved in prison. They are often sluggish and mechanical, like beasts of burden, and they are as destitute, as beasts, of feeling. A mother and daughter are described under the name of Garnett, who present a picture of brutality such as would be terrible even if it were unparalleled; and it is not even uncommon—at Millbank. These two had murdered a second daughter of the elder prisoner by cruelty and starvation. The case was the worst the present writer ever remembers, and he remembers it well in spite of the assumed name. They were found "Guilty," and the whole country demanded their death. Nevertheless, by some mistaken lenity (as I still believe it to have been) this abominable pair were spared, and have now even attained their liberty after a long penal servitude. After they had quietly worked their way to "association," or the right of companionship, they were considerately allowed to occupy the same cell, instead of each being placed with a stranger. Their first meeting was marked by this outburst of affection: "Well, Elizabeth." "Well, mother." Then they sat down opposite to one another to work. After a week's "association," a matron asked the daughter whether she was not glad to have her mother as her companion.

"Ye—es, lady," was her hesitating answer; "it's a kind of change, but"—with a little impulsive dash—"she do make a great mess and litter, to be sure!"

This apathy was the combined result of brutish ignorance and excessive penury. Our prison matron is not inclined to believe in the innocence of prisoners, but in this case she is of opinion that this hideous unimpassionability was more to the cause of the younger child's death than any studied attempt to starve her. As to what is the chief cause of all the wickedness which she describes, our authoress is not in the least doubt whatever. It is Besotted Ignorance. Out of three hundred Millbank women, ninety-six can neither read nor write, and only twenty-two are able to do so with ease. "Freedom with these was the liberty of the wild beast—free to roam anywhere, uncared for and unchecked; left to wander in the darkness, without one helping hand stretched forth to lead them to a brighter life; no honest example ever before them; but the path of evil they were to follow, clearly indicated by all with whom they came into contact." The poor creatures themselves know this. They absolutely taunt the lady prisoners with their superior education. "You was lara't better than us," they say, "and shouldn't ha' come here." When we have done splitting hairs about sectarian dogmas, we shall perhaps some day think of Compulsory Education, and until we do so the prison matron's occupation will not be gone. Education within the walls is found to be almost futile. With such indocile and stupendously ignorant pupils, the prison-school is a mere burlesque of teaching.

Let us conclude our notice of this wise but melancholy book with at least one cheerful statement. When the term of a woman's punishment is over, there *is* one "helping-hand stretched forth to lead her to a brighter life," in the *Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society*. It is called, and justly, by these unhappy creatures, "The Home." Twice have we advocated in these columns its claims to the pecuniary assistance of our readers. The authoress of *Female Life in Prison* corroborates all that we have said of it. Over her volumes many a tear will be dropped from sympathising eyes; but would it not be better for some of us to drop a subscription?

* *Female Life in Prison.* By a Prison Matron. Hurst and Blackett.

THE SABBATH MORN.

Oh! for a sweet and holy calm
To rest upon the soul to-day;
That sacred peace which, like a balm,
Takes all terrestrial care away!

Come, heavenly Spirit! light, and peace,
And every holy gift, are thine;
Grant us this day thy rich increase,
And with new-kindled glory shine.

AUTHORS NEVER FULLY UNDERSTOOD.—Bulwer says, in the last number of "The Caxtons:"—"Genius has many conceptions, many subtle beauties of thought, many arcana in occult wisdom, of which it is fully cognizant, and which no critic ever detects. Certain I am that every author who has written a book with earnest forethought and fondly cherished designs, will bear testimony to the fact, that much which he meant to convey has never been guessed at in any review of his work; and many a delicate beauty of thought, on which he principally valued himself, remains, like the statue of Isis, an image of truth from which no hand lifts the veil."

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but he *left it* to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words, "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

☞ The Albany Gas Company, a corporation with a soul, has refused to sell its coke, and determined to give it to the poor.

THE FIRST FIRE.

BY JOHN J. PIATT.

Dearest, to-night upon our Hearth
  See the first fire of Autumn leap—
The first that we with festal Mirth
  For loving Memory keep.
Sweet Fairy of the Fireside, come
And guard our altar-flame of Home!

Without, October breathes the night,
  Cold dews below, cold stars on high;
The chilly cricket sees our light
  Reach welcoming arms a-nigh,
And sighs to sing his evening song
Upon our Hearth the Winter long.

Blithe cricket! welcome, singing, here!
  I half recall dead Autumn's cold,
Half-close my eyes to dream, my dear,
  Their sadness vague and old:
The Fireside Fairy laughs and tries
With bursting sparks to shell my eyes!

Ill-timed the gay conceit, I know;
  On the dark hills that near us lie
(The Real will not, need not go)
  Broods the Autumnal sky
Staff battle tents that everywhere
Keep ghostly white the moonless air.

The sentinel walks his lonely beat,
  The soldier slumbers on the ground;
To one, hearth glimmers far are sweet—
  One dreams of fire-side sound!
From unforgotten doors they reach,
Dear sympathies, more dear than speech.

I think of all the homeless woe,
  The battle-winter long;
Alas, the world —— the hearth's a-glow!
  And lo, the cricket's song
Within! The Fairy's minstrel sings
Away the ghosts of saddest things!

The fire-smile keeps our walls in bloom—
  Home's Summer-light a flower, I deem;
And look, the pictures in the room,
  How beautiful! a-gleam;
A window there with rose and bee—
The Olive-Dove's in from the sea!

A cottage in a Summer land,
  And one whose shadow walks before,
(Snow peaks afar in sunset stand);
  Vines flutter o'er the door,
Half-hiding in a sunlit place,
But cannot hide a sunlit face.

And, yonder, bending o'er a child,
  An angel with a yearning grace,
Rosy with fire-bloom lingers mild—
  A mother's tender face!
Her wings (the boy has dreaming eyes),
Show that she came from Paradise.

Near by, the same: her arms about
  A child just kissed from Summer sleep
(Still rocks the cradle): laugh and shout
  Within her bosom keep
Sweet echoes dancing. Which is best,
The angel blessing—mortal blest?

A torrent lost in rainbow spray;
  A flock (its shepherdess the moon)
Asleep; the laureate-lark of Day
  At home some even in June;
Dear humble fancies of the heart,
When Art was Love in love with Art!

Blithe dance the flames and blest are we!
  Without, the funeral of the year
Is preached by every mournful tree;
  The tree in blossom here
Knows no lost leaves, no farewell wing—
In vain will Autumn preach to Spring!

The cricket sings. His song? You know,
  Warm prophecies of dearest days—
(Horizons lost, of long ago,
  Crumble within the blaze!)
Of nights aglow with light that blesses,
And wine from Home's enchanted presses.

The cricket sings, and, as I dream,
  Your face shows tender smile and tear,
What angels of the hearth a-gleam,
  Wingless, have lighted here?
Sing, cricket, sing of these to-night;
The first fire of our home is bright!

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XLVII.

DRESSING UP FOR A GHOST.

And so the mystery was out. And the ghost proved to be no ghost at all,—to be no husband of Sibylla,—come to disturb the peace of her and Lionel; but *John* Massingbird in real flesh and blood.

There was so much explanation to ask and to be given, that Jan was somewhat hindered on his way to Hook's.

"I can't stop," said he, in the midst of a long sentence of John's, "Alice Hook may be dying. Will you remain here till I come back?"

"If you are not long," responded John Massingbird. "I intend this to be the last night of my concealment, and I want to go about, terrifying the natives. The fun it has been!"

"Fun, you call it!" remarked Jan. "If Hook's girl does die, it will lie at your door."

"*She* won't die," lightly answered John.—"I'll send her a ten-pound note to make amends. Make you haste, Jan, if I am to wait."

Jan sped off to Hook's. He found the girl very ill, but not so much so as Cheese had intimated. Some unseemly quarrel had taken place in the cottage, which had agitated her.

"There's no danger," mentally soliloquized Jan, "but it has thrown her back a good two days."

He found John Massingbird—restless John!—restless as ever!—pacing before the trees with hasty strides, and bursting into explosions of laughter.

"Some woman was coming along, from one of the cottages by Broom's, I expect, and I appeared to her, and sent her on, howling," he explained to Jan. "I think it was Mother Sykes. The sport this ghost affair has been!"

He sat down on a bench, held his sides, and let his laughter have vent. Laughter is contagious, and Jan laughed with him, but in a quieter way.

"Whatever put it into your head to personate Frederick?" inquired Jan. "Was it done to frighten the people?"

"Not at first," answered John Massingbird.

"Because, if to frighten had been your motive, you need only have appeared in your own person," continued Jan. "You were thought to be dead, you know, as much as Fred was. Fred *is* dead, I suppose?"

"Fred is dead, poor fellow, safe enough. I was supposed to be dead, but I came to life again."

"Did you catch Fred's star when he died?" asked Jan, pointing to the check.

"No," replied John Massingbird, with another burst of laughter, "I got that up with Indian ink."

Bit by bit, Jan came into possession of the details. At least, of as much of them as John Massingbird deemed it expedient to furnish. It appeared that his being attacked and robbed and left for dead, when travelling down to Melbourne, was perfectly correct. Luke Roy quitted him. Believing he was dead, Luke would not have quitted him so hastily, but that he wished to be on the track of the thieves, and he hastened to Melbourne. After Luke's departure, John Massingbird, as he phrased it, came to life again. He revived from the suspended animation, or swoon, which, prolonged over some hours, had been mistaken for death. The bullet was extracted from his side, and he progressed pretty rapidly towards recovery.

Luke meanwhile had reached Melbourne; and had come in contact—amongst other people—with a family of the name of Eyre. Luke—if you have not forgotten—had said to Mr. Eyre that he had obtained a clue to the men who robbed his master; such, at least, was the information given by that gentleman to Sibylla Massingbird, on her subsequent sojourn at his house. He, Mr. Eyre, had said that Luke had promised to return the following day and inform him how he sped in the search, but that Luke never did return; that he had never seen him afterwards. All true. Luke found the clue, he thought he had gained, to be no clue at all; but he heard news that pleased him better than fifty clues would have done—that his master, Mr. Massingbird, was alive. One who had travelled down to Melbourne from where John was lying, gave him the information. Without waiting to break bread or draw water, without giving another thought to Mr. Eyre, Luke started off there and then, to retrace his steps to John Massingbird. John was nearly well then, and they returned at once to the diggings. In his careless way, he said the loss must be given up for a bad job; they should never find the fellows, and the best plan was to pick up more gold to replace that gone. Luke said he had written home to announce his death. John went into a fit of laughter, forbade Luke to contradict it, and anticipated the fun he should have in surprising them, when he went home on the accumulation of his fortune. Thus he stopped at the diggings, remaining in complete ignorance of the changes which had taken place; the voyage of Frederick and his wife to Melbourne, the death of Mr. Verner, the subsequent death of Frederick; and above all—for that would have told most on John—of the strange will left by Mr. Verner, which had constituted him the inheritor of Verner's Pride.

But fortune did not come in the rapid manner fondly expected by John. The nuggets seemed shy. He obtained enough to rub along with, as he phrased it, and that was all. The life did not ill suit him. To a man like Lionel Verner, of innate refinement, just and conscientious, the life would have been intolerable, almost worse than death. John was not overburthened with any one of those qualities, and he rather liked the life than not. One thing was against him; he had no patience. Roving about from place to place, he was satisfied nowhere long. It was not only that he perpetually changed the spot, or bed, of work, but he changed from one settlement to another. This was the reason probably that Captain Cannonby had never met with him; it was more than probable that it was the cause of his non-success. Luke Roy was not so fond of roving. He found a place likely to answer his expectations, and he remained at it; so that the two parted early, and did not again meet afterwards.

Suddenly John Massingbird heard that he had been left heir to Verner's Pride. He had gone down to Melbourne; and some new arrival from England—from the county in which Verner's Pride was situated—mentioned this in his hearing. The stranger was telling the tale of the unaccountable will of Mr. Verner, of the death of John and Frederick Massingbird, and of the *consequent* accession of Lionel Verner; telling it as a curious bit of home gossip, unconscious that one of his listeners was the first-named heir—the veritable John Massingbird.

Too much given to act upon impulse, giving himself no time to ascertain or to inquire whether the story might be correct or not, John Massingbird took a berth in the first ship advertised for home. He possessed very little more money than would pay for his passage; he gave himself no concern how he was to get back to Australia, or how exist in England, should the news prove incorrect, but started away off-hand. Providing for the future had never been made a concern by John Massingbird.

He sailed, and he arrived safely. But, once in England, it was necessary to proceed rather cautiously; and John, careless and reckless as he was, could not ignore the expediency. There were certain reasons why it would not be altogether prudent to show himself in the neighborhood of Verner's Pride, unless his pocket were weighty enough to satisfy sundry claims which would inevitably flock in upon him. Were he sure that he was the legitimate master of Verner's Pride, he would have driven up in a coach-and-six, with flying flags and streamers to the horses' heads, and so have announced his arrival in triumph. *Not* being sure, he preferred to feel his way, and this could not be done by arriving openly.

There was one place where he knew he could count upon being sheltered, while the way was "felt." And this was Giles Roy's. Roy would be true to him; would conceal him if need was, and help him off again did Verner's Pride, for him, prove a myth. This thought John Massingbird put in practice, arriving one dark night at Roy's, and nearly startling Mrs. Roy to death. Whatever fanciful ghosts the woman may have seen before, she never doubted that she saw a real ghost now.

His first question, naturally, was about the will. Roy told him it was perfectly true that a will had been made in his favor; but the will had been superseded by a codicil. And he related the circumstance of that codicil's mysterious loss. Was it found? John eagerly asked. Ah! there Roy could not answer him; he was at a nonplus; he was unable to say whether the codicil had been found or not. A rumor had gone about Deerham, some time subsequently to the loss, that it *had* been found, but Roy had never come to the rights of it. John Massingbird stared as he heard him say this. Then, couldn't he tell whether he was the heir or not? whether Lionel Verner held it by established right or by wrong? he asked. And Roy shook his head—he could not.

Under these uncertainties, Mr. John Massingbird did not see his way particularly clear. Either to stop, or to go. If he stopped and showed himself, he might be unpleasantly assured that the true heir of Verner's Pride inhabited Verner's Pride; if he went back to Australia, the no less mortifying fact might come out afterwards that he was the heir to Verner's Pride, and had run away from his own.

What was to be done? Roy suggested perhaps the best plan that could be thought of—that Mr. Massingbird should remain in his cottage in concealment while he, Roy, endeavored to ascertain the truth regarding the codicil. And John Massingbird was fain to adopt it. He took up his abode in the upper bedroom, which had been Luke's, and Mrs. Roy, locking her front door, carried his meals up to him by day, Roy setting himself to ferret out—as you may recollect—all he could learn about the codicil. The "all" was not much. Ordinary gossippers knew no more than Roy whether the codicil had been found or not; and Roy tried to pump Matiss, by whom he got baffled—he even tried to pump Mr. Verner. He went up to Verner's Pride, ostensibly to ask whether he might paper Luke's old room at his own cost. In point of fact, the paper was in a dilapidated state, and he did wish to put it decent for John Massingbird; but he could have done it without speaking to Mr. Verner. It was a great point with Roy to find favor in the sight of Mr. Massingbird, his possible future master. Lionel partially saw through the man; he believed that he had some covert motive in seeking the interview with him, and that Roy was trying to pry into his affairs. But Roy found himself baffled also by Mr. Verner, as he had been by Matiss, in so far as that he could learn nothing certain of the existence or non-existence of the codicil.

Two days of the condemned confinement was sufficient to tire out John Massingbird. To a man of active, restless temperament, who had lived almost day and night under the open skies, the being shut up in a small, close room, was well-nigh unbearable. He could not stamp on its floor (there was no space to *walk* on it,) lest any intrusive neighbor below, who might have popped in, unwanted, should say, Who have you got up aloft? He could not open the window and put his head out, to catch a breath of fresh air, lest prying eyes might be cast upon him.

"I can't stand this," he said to Roy. "A week of it would kill me. I shall go out at night."

Roy opposed the resolve so far as he dared—having an eye always to the not displeasing his future master. He represented to John Massingbird that he would inevitably be seen: and that he might just as well be seen by day as by night. John would not listen to reason. That very night, as soon as dark came on, he went out, and *was* seen. Seen by Robin Frost.

Robin Frost, whatever superstitions or fond feelings he may have cherished, regarding the hoped-for reappearance of Rachel's spirit, was no believer in ghosts in a general point of view. In fact, that it was John Massingbird's ghost never once entered Robin's mind. He came at once to the more sensible conclusion that some error had occurred with regard to his reported death, and that it was John Massingbird himself.

His deadly enemy. The only one, of all the human beings on earth, with whom Robin was at issue. For he believed that it was John Massingbird who had worked the ill to Rachel. Robin in his blind vengeance, took to lying in wait with a gun: and Roy became cognizant of this.

"You must not go out again, sir," he said to John Massingbird: "he may shoot you dead."

Curious, perhaps, to say, John Massingbird had himself come to the same conclusion—that he must not go out again. He had very narrowly escaped meeting one, who would as surely have known him, in full moonlight as did Robin Frost: one, whom it would have been nearly as inconvenient to meet, as it was Robin. And yet—stop in perpetual confinement by day and by night, he could not: he persisted that he should be dead. Almost better go back, unsatisfied, to Australia.

A bright idea occurred to John Massingbird. He would personate his brother. Frederick, so far as he knew, had neither creditors nor enemies round Deerham; and the likeness between them was so great, both in face and form, that there would be little difficulty in it. When they were at home together, John had been the stouter of the two: but his wanderings had fined him down, and his figure now looked exactly as Frederick's did formerly. He shaved off his whiskers—Frederick had never worn any; or, for the matter of that, had had any to wear—and painted an imitation star on his cheek with Indian ink. His hair, too, had grown long on the voyage, and had not yet been cut: just as Frederick used to wear his. John had favored a short crop of hair; Frederick, long.

These little toilette mysteries accomplished, so exactly did he look like his brother Frederick that Roy started when he saw him; and Mrs. Roy went into a prolonged scream that might have been heard at the brick-fields. John attired himself in a long, loose dark coat, which had seen service at the Diggings, and sallied out: the coat which had been mistaken for a riding habit.

He enjoyed himself to his heart's content, receiving more fun than he had bargained for. It had not occurred to him to personate Frederick's *ghost:* he had only thought of personating Frederick himself: but, to his unbounded satisfaction, he found the former climax arrived at. He met old Matthew Frost; he frightened Dan Duff into fits; he frightened Master Cheese; he startled the parson; he solaced himself by taking up his station under the yew tree on the lawn at Verner's Pride, to contemplate that desirable structure, which perhaps was his, and the gayety going on in it. He had distinctly seen Lionel Verner leave the lighted rooms and approach him, upon which he retreated. Afterwards, it was rather a favorite night-pastime of his, the standing under the yew tree at Verner's Pride. He was there again the night of the storm.

All this, the terrifying people into the belief that he was Frederick's veritable ghost, had been choicest sport to John Massingbird. The trick might not have availed with Robin Frost, but they had found a different method of silencing him. Of an easy, good-tempered nature, the thought of any real damage from consequences had been completely passed over by John. If Dan Duff did go into fits, he'd recover from them; if Alice Hook was startled into something worse, she was not dead. It was all sport to free-and-easy John: and, but for circumstances, there's no knowing how long he might have carried the game on. These circumstances touched upon a point that influences us all, more or less: pecuniary consideration. John was minus funds, and it was necessary that something should be done: he could not continue to live long upon Roy.

It was Roy himself who at length hit upon the plan that brought forth the certainty about the codicil. Roy found rumors were gaining ground abroad that it was not Frederick Massingbird's ghost, but Frederick himself; and he knew that the explanation must soon come. He determined to waylay Tynn, and make an apparent confidant of him: by these means he should, in all probability, come at the desired information. Roy did so: and found that there was no codicil. He carried his news to John Massingbird, advising that gentleman to go at once and put in his claim to Verner's Pride. John, elated with the news, protested he'd have one more night's fun first.

Such were the facts. John Massingbird told them to Jan, suppressing any little bit that he chose, here and there. The doubt about the codicil, for instance, and its moving motive in the affair, he did not mention.

"It has been the best fun I ever had in my life," he remarked. "I never shall forget the parson's amazed stare, the first time I passed him. Or old Tynn's, either, last night. Jan, you should have heard Dan Duff howl!"

"I have," said Jan. "I have had the pleasure of attending him. My only wonder is, that he did not put himself into the pool, in his fright: as Rachel Frost did, time back."

John Massingbird caught the words up hastily.

"How do you know that Rachel put herself in? She may have been put in."

"For all I know she may. Taking circumstances into consideration, however, I should say it was the other way."

"I say, Jan," interrupted John Massingbird, with another explosion, "didn't your Achates, Cheese, arrive at home in a mortal fright one night?"

Jan nodded.

"I shall never forget him; never. He was marching up, all bravely, till he saw my face. Didn't he turn tail! There has been one person above all others, Jan, that I have wanted to meet, and have not. Your brother Lionel."

"He'd have pinned you," said Jan.

"Not he. You would not have done it to-night, but that I *let* you do it. No chance of anybody catching me unless I chose. I was on the look out for all I met, for all to whom I chose to show myself: they met me unawares. Unprepared for the encounter, while they were recovering their astonishment, I was beyond reach. Last night I had been watching over the gate ever so long, when I darted out in front of Tynn, to astonish him. Jan"—lowering his voice—"has it put Sibylla in a fright?"

"I think it has put Lionel in a worse," responded Jan.

"For fear of losing her?" laughed John Massingbird. "Wouldn't it have been a charming prospect for some husbands who are tired of their wives! Is Lionel tired of his?"

"Can't say," replied Jan. "There's no appearance of it."

"I should be, if Sibylla had been my wife for two years," candidly avowed John Massingbird. "Sibylla and I never hit it off well as cousins; I'd not own her as wife, if she were dowered with all the gold mines in Australia. What Fred saw in her was always a puzzle to me. *I* knew what was going on between them, though nobody else did. But, Jan, I'll tell you what astonished me more than everything else when I learnt it—that Lionel should have married her subsequently. I never could have imagined Lionel Verner taking up with another man's wife."

"She was his widow," cried literal Jan.

"All the same. 'Twas another man's leavings. And there's something about Lionel Verner, with his sensitive refinement, that does not seem to accord with the notion. Is she healthy?"

"Who? Sibylla? I don't fancy she has much of a constitution."

"No, that she has not! There are no children, I hear. Jan, though, you need not have pinched so hard when you pounced upon me," he continued, rubbing his arm. "I was not going to run away."

"How did I know that?" said Jan.

"It's my last night of fun, and when I saw you I said to myself, 'I'll be caught.' How are old Deb and Amilly?"

"Much as usual. Deb's in a fever just now. She has heard that Fred Massingbird's back, and thinks Sibylla ought to leave Lionel on the strength of it."

John laughed again.

"It must have put others in a fever, I know, besides poor old Deb. Jan, I can't stop talking to you all night, I should get no more fun. I wish I could appear to all Deerham collectively, and send it into fits after Dan Duff! To-morrow, as soon as I genteely can after breakfast, I go up to Verner's Pride and show myself. One can't go at six in the morning."

He turned off in the direction of Clay Lane as he spoke, and Jan made the best of his way to Verner's Pride. From some cause or other they had dined unusually late there, and Lionel Verner was with his guests, making merry with the best heart he had. Now, he would rely upon the information given by Captain Cannonby; the next moment, he was feeling that the combined testimony of so many eye-witnesses must be believed, and that it could be no other than Frederick Massingbird. Tynn had been with the man face to face only the previous night; Roy had distinctly asserted that he was back, in life, from Australia. Whatever *his* anxiety may have been, his wife seemed at rest. Full of smiles and gayety, she sat opposite to him, glittering gems in her golden hair, shining forth from her costly robes.

"Not out from dinner?" cried Jan, in his astonishment, when Tynn denied him to Lionel. "Why it's my supper-time! I must see him, whether he's at dinner or not. Go and say so, Tynn. Something important, tell him."

The message brought Lionel out. Thankful, probably, to get out. The playing the host with a mind ill at ease, how it jars upon the troubled and fainting spirit! Jan, disdaining the invitation to the drawing-room, had hoisted himself on the top of an old carved ebony cabinet that stood in the hall, containing curiosities, and sat there with his legs dangling. He jumped off when Lionel appeared, wound his arm within his, and drew him out on the terrace.

"I have come to the bottom of it, Lionel," said he, without further circumlocution. "I dropped upon the ghost just now and pinned him. It is not Fred Massingbird."

Lionel paused, and then drew a deep breath; like one who has been relieved from some great care.

"Cannonby said it was not!" he exclaimed. "Cannonby is here, Jan, and he assures me Frederick Massingbird is dead and buried. Who is it then? Have you found it out?"

"I pinned him, I say," said Jan. "I was going down to Hook's, and he crossed my path. He—"

"Is it somebody who has been doing it for a trick?" interrupted Lionel.

"Well—yes—in one sense. It is not Fred Massingbird, Lionel; he is dead, safe enough; but it is somebody from a distance; one who will cause you little less trouble. Not any less, in fact, putting Sibylla out of the question."

Lionel stopped in his walk—they were pacing the terrace—and looked at Jan with some surprise; a smile, in his new security, lighting his face.

"There is nobody in the world, Jan, dead or alive, who could bring trouble to me, save Frederick Massingbird. Anybody else may come, so long as he does not."

"Ah! You are thinking only of Sibylla."

"Of whom else should I think?"

"Yourself," replied Jan.

Lionel laughed in his gladness. *How* thankful he was for his wife's sake ONE alone knew.

"I am nobody, Jan; any trouble coming to me I can battle with."

"Well, Lionel, the returned man is John Massingbird"

"John—Mass—ingbird!"

Of all the birds in the air and the fishes in the sea—as the children say—he was the very last to whom Lionel Verner had cast a thought. That it was John who had returned, had not entered his imagination. He had never cast a doubt to the fact of his death. Bringing the name out slowly, he stared at Jan in very astonishment.

"Well," said he, presently. "John is not Frederick."

"No," assented Jan. "He can put in no claim to your wife; but he can to Verner's Pride."

The words caused Lionel's heart to go on with a bound. A great evil for him; there was no doubt of it; but still slight, compared to the one he had dreaded for Sibylla.

"There is no mistake, I suppose, Jan?"

"There's no mistake," replied Jan. "I have been talking to him this half hour. He is hiding at Roy's."

"Why should he be in hiding at all?" inquired Lionel.

"He had two or three motives, he said;" and Jan proceeded to give Lionel a summary of what he had heard. "He was not very explicit to me," concluded Jan. "Perhaps he'll be more so to you. He says he is coming to Verner's Pride to-morrow morning at the earliest genteel hour after breakfast."

"And what does he he say to the fright he has caused?" resumed Lionel.

"Does nothing but laugh over it. Says it's the primest fun he ever had in his life. He has come back very poor, Lionel."

"Poor? Then, were Verner's Pride and its revenues not his, I could have understood why he should not like to show himself openly. Well! well! compared to what I feared, it is a mercy. Sibylla is free; and I—I must make the best of it. He will be a more generous master of Verner's Pride—as I believe—than Frederick would ever have been."

"Yes," nodded Jan. "In spite of his faults. And John Massingbird used to have plenty."

"I don't know who among us is without them, Jan. Unless—upon my word, old fellow, I mean it!—unless it is you."

Jan opened his great eyes with a wondering stare. It never occurred to humble-minded Jan that there was anything in *him* approaching to goodness. He supposed Lionel had spoken in joke.

"What's that?" cried he.

Jan alluded to a sudden burst of laughter, to a sound of many voices, to fair forms that were flitting before the windows. The ladies had gone into the drawing-room.

"What a relief it will be for Sibylla!" involuntarily uttered Lionel.

"She'll make a face at losing Verner's Pride," was the less poetical remark of Jan.

"Will he turn us out at once, Jan?"

"He said nothing to me on that score, nor I to him," was the answer of Jan "Look here, Lionel. Old West's a screw, between ourselves; but what I do earn is my own; so don't get breaking your rest, thinking you'll not have a pound or two to turn to. If John Massingbird does turn you out, I can manage things for you, if you don't mind living quietly."

Honest Jan! His notions of "living quietly" would have comprised a couple of modest rooms, cotton umbrellas like his own, and a mutton chop a day. And Jan would have gone without the chop himself, to give it to Lionel. To Sibylla, also. Not that he had any great love for that lady, in the abstract; but, for Jan to eat chops, while anybody, no matter how remotely connected with him, wanted them, would have been completely out of Jan's nature.

A lump was rising in Lionel's throat. *He* loved Jan, and knew his worth, if nobody else did. While he was swallowing it down, Jan went on, quite eagerly.

"Something else might be thought of, Lionel. I don't see why you and Sibylla should not come to old West's. The house is large enough; and Deb and Amilly couldn't object to it for their sister. In point of right, half the house is mine: West said so when I became his partner. He asked if I'd not like to marry, and said there was the half of the house; but I told him I'd rather be excused. I might get a wife, you know, Lionel, who'd be for grumbling at me all day, like my mother does. Now if you and Sibylla would come there, the matter, as to your future, would be at rest. I'd divide what I get between you and Miss Deb. Half to her for the extra cost you'd be to the housekeeping; the other half for pocket-money for you and Sibylla. I think you might make it do, Lionel: my share is quite two hundred a-year. My own share, I mean: besides what I hand over to Miss Deb, and transmit to the doctor. Could you manage with it?"

"Jan!" said Lionel, from between his quivering lips. "Dear Jan, there's—"

They were interrupted. Bounding out at the drawing-room window, the very window at which Lucy Tempest had sat that night and watched the yew tree, came Sibylla, fretfulness in the lines of her countenance, complaint in the tones of her voice.

"Mr. Jan Verner, I'd like to know what right you have to send for Lionel out when he is at dinner? If he *is* your brother, you have no business to forget yourself like that. He can't help your being his brother, I suppose; but you ought to know better than to presume upon it."

"Sibylla!—"

"Be quiet, Lionel, I *shall* tell him of it. Never was such a thing heard of, as for a gentleman to be called out for nothing, from his table's head! You do it again, Jan, and I shall order Tynn to shut the doors to you of Verner's Pride."

Jan received the lecture with the utmost equanimity, the most imperturbable good nature. Lionel wound his arms about his wife, gravely and gently: whatever may have been the pain caused by her words, he suppressed it.

"Jan came here to tell me news that quite justified his sending for me, wherever I might be, or however occupied, Sibylla. He has succeeded in solving to-night the mystery which has hung over us; he has discovered who it is that we have been taking for Frederick Massingbird."

"It is not Frederick Massingbird," cried Sibylla, speaking sharply. "Captain Cannonby says that it cannot be."

"No, it is not Frederick Massingbird—God be thanked!" said Lionel. "With that knowledge we can afford to hear who it is bravely; can we not, Sibylla?"

"But why don't you tell me who it is?" she retorted, in an impatient, fretful tone, not having the discernment to see that he wished to prepare her for what was coming. "Can't you speak, Jan, if he won't? People have no right to come dressed up in other's clothes and faces to frighten us to death. He ought to be transported! Who is it?"

"You'll be startled, Sibylla. It is one whom

we have believed to be dead; though it is not Frederick Massingbird."

"I *wish* you'd tell—beating about the bush like that! You need not stare so, Jan. I don't believe you know."

"It is your cousin, Sibylla. John Massingbird."

A moment's pause. And, then clutching at the hand of Lionel—

"Who?" she shrieked.

"Hush, my dear. It is John Massingbird."

"Not dead! Did he not die?"

"No. He recovered, when left, as was supposed, for dead. He is coming here to-morrow morning, Jan says."

Sibylla let fall her hands. She staggered back to a pillar and leaned against it, her upturned face white in the starlight.

"Is—is—is Verner's Pride yours or his?" she gasped, in a low tone.

"It is his."

"His! Neither yours nor mine?"

"It is only his, Sibylla."

She raised her hands again: she began fighting with the air, as if she would beat off an imaginary John Massingbird. Another minute, and her laughter and her cries came forth together, shriek upon shriek: she was in strong hysterics. Lionel supported her, while Jan ran for water; and the gay company came flocking out of the lighted rooms to see.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

NO HOME.

People talk of a nine days' wonder. But no nine days' wonder has ever been heard of known, equal to that which fell on Deerham, which went booming to the very extremity of the country's boundaries. Lionel Verner, the legitimate heir—it may so be said—the possessor of Verner's Pride, was turned out of it to make room for an alien, resuscitated from the supposed dead.

Sailors tell us that the rats desert a sinking ship. Pseudo friends desert a falling house. You may revel in these friends in prosperity, but when adversity sets in, how they fall away! On the very day that John Massingbird arrived at Verner's Pride, and it became known that not he, but Mr. and Mrs. Verner must leave it, the gay company, gathered there, dispersed. Dispersed with polite phrases, meaning nothing. They were so very sorry for the calamity, for Mr. and Mrs. Verner; if they could do anything to serve them they had only to be commanded. And then they left; never perhaps to meet again, even as acquaintances. It may be asked, what could they do? They could not invite them to a permanent home; saddle themselves with a charge of that sort; neither would such an invitation be accepted. It did not appear they could do anything; but their combined flight from the house, one after the other, did strike with a chill of mortification upon the nerves of Lionel Verner and his wife.

His wife! Ah, poor Lionel had enough upon his hands, looking on one side, and another. *She* was the heaviest weight. Lionel had thanked God in his true heart that they had been spared the return of Frederick Massingbird; but there was little doubt that the return of Frederick would have been regarded by her as a light calamity, in comparison with this. She made no secret of it. Ten times a day had Lionel to beat down his feelings, and compress his lips to stop the retort that would rise bubbling up within them. She would openly lament that it was not Frederick who had returned, in which case she might have remained at Verner's Pride!

"You'll not turn them out, Massingbird?" cried Jan in his straightforward way, drawing the gentleman into the fruit-garden to a private conference. "*I* wouldn't."

John Massingbird laughed good humoredly. He had been in the sunniest humor throughout; had made his first appearance at Verner's Pride in bursts of laughter, heartily grasping the hands of Lionel, of Sibylla, and boasting of the "fun" he had in playing the ghost. Captain Cannonby, the only one of the guests who remained, grew charmed with John, and stated his private opinion in the ear of Lionel Verner that he was worth a hundred such as Frederick.

"How can I help turning them out?" answered he. "*I* didn't make the will—it was old Daddy Verner."

"You need not act upon the will," said Jan. "There was a codicil, you know, superseding it, though it can't be found. Sibylla's your cousin—it would be a cruel thing to turn her from her home."

"Two masters never answered in a house yet," nodded John. "I am not going to try it."

"Let them stop in Verner's Pride, and you go elsewhere," suggested Jan.

John Massingbird laughed for five minutes.

"How uncommon *young* you are, Jan!" said he. "Has Lionel been putting you up to try this on?"

Jan swung himself on a tolerably strong branch of the mulberry tree, regardless of any damage the ripe fruit might inflict on his nether garments.

"Knowing Lionel, you needn't ask it, Massingbird. There'd be a difficulty in getting him to stop in Verner's Pride now, but he might be coaxed to do it for the sake of his wife. She'll have a fit of illness if she has to go out of it. Lionel is one to stand by his own to the last; while Verner's Pride was his, he'd have fought to retain its possession, inch by inch, but let ever so paltry a quibble of the law take it from him, and he'd not lift up his finger to keep it. But, I say, I think he might be got to do it for Sibylla."

"I'll tell you a secret, Jan," cried John Massingbird. "I'd not have Sibylla stop in Verner's Pride if she paid me ten thousand a year for the favor. There! And as to resigning Verner's Pride the minute I come into it, nobody but a child or Jan Verner could ever have started so absurd an idea. If anything makes me feel cross it is the thought of my having been knocking about yonder, when I might have been living in clover here. I'd get up an Ever-perpetual philanthropic benefit-my-fellow creature society, if I were you, Jan, and hold meetings at Exeter Hall!"

"Not in my line," said Jan, swaying himself about on the bough.

"Isn't it! I should say it was. Why don't you invite Sibylla to your house, if you are so fond of her?"

"She won't come," said Jan.

"Perhaps you have asked her?"

"I was beginning to ask her, but she flew at me, and ordered me to hold my tongue. No, I see it," Jan added, in self-soliloquy, "she'll never come there. I thought she might; and I got Miss Deb to think so.—She'll—she'll—"

"She'll what?" asked John Massingbird.

"She'll be a thorn in Lionel's side, I'm afraid."

"Nothing more likely," acquiesced easy John. "Roses and thorns go together. If gentlemen will marry the one, they must expect to get their share of the other."

Jan jumped off his bough. His projects all appeared to be failing. The more he had dwelt upon his suddenly thought of scheme, that Dr. West's house might afford an asylum for Lionel and his wife, the more he had become impressed with its desirability. Jan Verner, though the most unselfish, perhaps it may be said the most improvident of mortals, with regard to himself, had a considerable deal of forethought for the rest of the world. It had struck him, even before it struck Lionel, that, if turned out of Verner's Pride, Lionel would *want* a home; want it in the broadest acceptation of the word. It would have been Jan's delight to give him one. He, Jan, went home, told Miss Deb the news that it was John Massingbird who had returned, not Frederick, and imparted his views of future arrangements.

Miss Deb was dubious. For Mr. Verner of Verner's Pride to become an inmate of their home, dependant on her housekeeping, looked a formidable affair. But Jan pointed out that, Verner's Pride *gone*, it appeared to be a choice of cheap lodgings: their house would be an improvement upon that. And Miss Deb acquiesced: and grew to contemplate the addition to her family, in conjunction with the addition Jan proposed to add to her income, with great satisfaction.

That failed. Failed upon Jan's first hint of it to Mrs. Verner. She—to use his own expression—flew out at him, at the bare thought: and Sibylla Verner could fly out in an unseemly manner when she chose.

Jan's next venture had been with John Massingbird. That was failure the second.

"Where are they to go?" thought Jan.

It was a question that Lionel Verner may also have been asking in his inmost heart. As yet he could not look his situation fully in the face. Not from any want of moral courage, but because of the inextricable confusion that his affairs seemed to be in. And, let his moral courage be what it would, the aspect they bore might have caused a more hardy heart than Lionel's to shrink. *How much he owed he could not tell;* nothing but debt stared him in the face. He had looked to the autumn rents of Verner's Pride to extricate him from a portion of his difficulties; and now those rents would be received by John Massingbird. The furniture in the house, the plate, the linen, none of it was his: it had been left by the will with Verner's Pride. The five hundred pounds—all that he had inherited by the will—had been received at the time, and was gone. One general sinking fund seemed to have swallowed up everything; that, and all else; leaving a string of debts a yard long in its place.

Reproaches now would be useless; whether self-reproach, or reproach to his wife.—The latter Lionel would never have given.—And yet, when he looked back, and thought how free from debt he might have been, nothing but reproach, however vaguely directed, reproach of the past generally, seemed to fill his heart. To turn out in the world a free man, though penniless, would have been widely different from turning out, plunged over head and ears in difficulties.

In what quarter did he not owe money?—He could not say. He had not been very provident, and Sibylla had not been provident at all. But this much might be said for Lionel: that he had not wasted money on useless things or self-indulgence. The improvements he had begun on the estate had been the chief drain, so far as he went; and the money they took had caused him to get backward with the general expenses. He had also been over liberal to his mother.—Money was owing on all sides; for large things and for great: how much Lionel did not yet know. He did not know—he was afraid to guess—what private debts might have been contracted by his wife. There had been times lately, when, in contemplating the embarrassment growing so hopelessly upon him, Lionel had felt inclined to wish that some climax would come and end it; but he had never dreamt of such a climax as this. A hot flush dyed his cheeks as he remembered there was nearly a twelve-month's wages owing to most of his servants; and he had not the means now of paying them.

"Stop on a bit if you like," said John Massingbird, in a hearty tone; "stop a month, if you will. You are welcome. It will be only changing your place from master to guest."

From master to guest! That same day John Massingbird assumed his own place, unasked, at the head of the dinner-table.—Lionel went to the side with a flushed face. John Massingbird had never been remarkable for delicacy, but Lionel could not help thinking that he might have waited until he was gone before assuming the full mastership. Captain Cannonby made the third at the dinner, and he, by John Massingbird's request, took the foot of the table. It was not the being put out of his place that hurt Lionel, so much as the feeling of annoyance that John Massingbird could behave so unlike a gentleman. He felt ashamed for him. Dinner over, Lionel went up to his wife, who was keeping her room, partly from temper, partly from illness.

"Sibylla, I'll not stop here another day," he said. "I see that John Massingbird wants us gone. Now, what shall I do? Take lodgings?"

Sibylla looked up from the sofa, her eyes red with crying, her cheeks inflamed.

"Anybody but you, Lionel, would never allow him to turn you out. Why don't you dispute the right with him? Turn *him* out, and defy him!"

He did not tell Sibylla that she was talking like a child. He only said that John Massingbird's claim to Verner's Pride was indisputable—that it had been his all along—and, in point of right, he himself had been the usurper.

"Then you mean," she said, "to give him up quiet possession?"

"I have no other resource, Sibylla. To attempt any sort of resistance would be foolish as well as wrong."

"*I* shan't give it up. I shall stay here in spite of him. You may do as you like, but he is not going to get me out of my own home."

"Sibylla, will you try and be rational for once? If ever a time called for it, it is the present. I ask you whether I shall seek after lodgings."

"And I wonder that you are not ashamed to ask me," retorted Sibylla, bursting into tears. "Lodgings, after Verner's Pride! No. I'd rather die than go into lodgings. I daresay I shall die soon with all this affliction."

"I do not see what else there is for us but lodgings," resumed Lionel, after a pause.—"You will not hear of Jan's proposition."

"Go back to my old home!" she shrieked. "Like—as poor Fred used to say—bad money returned. No! that I never will. You are wrapt up in Jan: if he proposed to give me poison, you'd say Yes. I wish Fred had not died!"

"Will you be so good as tell me what *you* think ought to be done?" inquired Lionel.

"How can I think? Where's the good of asking me? I think the least you can do in this wretchedness is to to take as much worry off me as you can, Lionel?"

"It is what I wish to do," he gently said. "But I can see only one plan for us, Sibylla—lodgings. Here we cannot stay: it is out of the question. To take a house is equally so. We have no furniture—no money, in short, to set up a house, or to keep it on.—Jan's plan, until I can turn myself round and see what's to be done, would be the best.—You would be going to your own sisters, who would take care of you, should I find it necessary to be away."

"Where are you going?" she quickly asked.

"I must go somewhere and do something. I cannot lead an idle life, living upon other people's charity, or let you live upon it. I must find some way of earning a livelihood; in London, perhaps. While I am looking out, you would be with your sisters."

"Then, Lionel, hear me!" she cried, her throat working, her blue eyes flashing, with a strange light. "I will *never* go home to my sisters! I will never, so long as I live, enter that house again, to reside! You are no better than—than—a bear—to wish me to do it."

What was he to do? She was his wife, and he must provide for her; but she would go neither into lodgings, nor to the proposed home. Lionel set his wits to work.

"I wonder—whether—my mother—would invite us there, for a short while?" The words were spoken slowly; reluctantly; as if there were an undercurrent of strong doubt in his mind. "Would you go to Deerham Court for a time, Sibylla, if Lady Verner were agreeable?"

"Yes," said Sibylla, after a minute's consideration. "I'd go there."

Deeming it well that something should be decided, Lionel went down stairs, caught up his hat, and proceeded to Deerham Court. He did not say a word about his wife's caprice, that two plans, proposed for her, had been rejected. He simply asked his mother whether she would temporarily receive him and his wife, until he could look round and decide on the future.

To his great surprise, Lady Verner answered that she would; and answered readily. Lionel, knowing the light in which she regarded his wife, had anticipated he knew not what of objection, if not of positive refusal.

"I wish you to come here, Lionel; I intended to send for you and tell you so," was the reply of Lady Verner. "You have no home to turn to, and I could not have it said that my son in his strait was at fault for one. I never thought to receive your wife inside my doors, but for your sake I will do so. No servants, you understand, Lionel."

"Certainly not," he answered. "I cannot afford servants now as a matter of luxury."

"I can neither afford them for you, nor is there room in my house to accommodate them. This applies to that French maid of yours," Lady Verner pointedly added. "I do not like the woman: nothing would induce me to admit her here, even were circumstances convenient. Any attendance that your wife may require, she shall have."

Lionel smiled, a sad smile.

"Be easy, mother. The time for my wife to keep a French maid has gone by. I thank you very sincerely."

And so Lionel Verner was once more turned from Verner's Pride, to take up his abode with his wife in his mother's home. When were his wanderings to be at rest?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Oil Springs Chronicle says that refuse petroleum is being used in that place for fuel, with great success. The saving in coal and wood is said to be immense.

☞ A DELICATE SOUVENIR.—One of our soldiers, having lost his finger by amputation, first dried it, and then sent it to a friend in England by mail.

"BLIND JOE PARSONS."

Some time since we copied from the Washington correspondence of the Boston Transcript an account of the volunteer Joe Parsons, who lost both eyes at Antietam. The same correspondent speaks again of him in his last letter. We quote:—

Your readers may feel sufficient interest in the Maryland volunteer, "Joe Parsons, of Baltimore," whose brief story I gave you in a recent letter, to be glad to hear of him again. I saw poor Joe, in the hospital yesterday. His shocking injury (by which you remember both his eyes were "knock't out at one pop," as he expresses it,) continues very wearisome, yet his animal spirits are, as usual, astonishingly buoyant. He seems always happy, and in my wide experience among our wounded men, I have never yet met so extraordinary an instance of continuous good nature under adversity.

Joe is entirely at liberty around the hospital—going and coming from ward to ward, all day, and about the grounds, outside, cane in hand, feeling his way to and fro, unmolested—and always uttering a pleasant word of encouragement to his sick and wounded companions, a song to himself, or a ready jest to visitors. He knows my voice, and calls me "little 'un," (the joker!)

"I'm promoted," he said, yesterday.

"Happy to hear it, Joe," I replied. "What now?"

"I'm officer o' the day, little 'un."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, yer see they arn't afeered o' my runnin' off sence the rebels knock't my peepers out; an' yer mind, my eyelight arn't as good as it was!"

"You bear your misfortune bravely, Joe."

"Why not?" he said, quickly, "it can't be helped, yer know. I'm done for, I am. W'en the old rebel Colonel got me inter his tent, out t' Antietam, sed he, 'Boy, you're used up, you ar'. Arn't yer sorry yer 'listed, an' went inter this fight?' Sez I, 'No sir-ee! I'm a Union man—so's my father an' mother afo' me. That's wots the matter, kurnel.' Then he sez, 'Well, boy—ef yer hed yer eyes agin, wot 'ud yer du?' I sez, 'Ef my eyes wan't knock't out, an' I could stan up, I'd be a doin' wotever my regiment was a doin'; an' reck'n we'd be a goin' in to help clean the rebbels out, any how.' 'You would?' sez he; 'Jess so,' sez I. 'You're a bully Yankee, then,' sez he, 'an' I like yer pluck; I'll send yer home.' So he detailed two butternuts, to onc't, an' they led me off, over to our side."

"And your wound continues painful yet, Joe?"

"Wall—yes," he said, slowly. And then he added, "pr'aps, little 'un, you never had a eye knock't clean outen yer face, by a minne bullet?"

"No! thank heaven," I exclaimed.

"Then yer ken bet yer bottom dollar it hurts some to hev both on 'em jerked out, to onc't. But—

"'What's the use o' sighing'—"

he continued, in his merry tuneful way. And, a moment afterwards the bell summoned the convalescents to dinner.

"If there's aught that I love—
'Tis a fresh mutton chop—
With a mushroom or two by its side!"

sang out blind Joe, cheerily; and he left us—feeling his way briskly along the corridor with his cane, back to his ward.

His appetite is good, but his wound heals slowly. Yet he is the happiest man I meet here, and is an universal pet among his sick and crippled associates.

COTTON VERSUS HAIR.—The paragraphs in the newspapers about the high price of cotton, set one of our Boston hotel-keepers thinking the other day, that he had seventy-five or eighty cotton-stuffed mattresses, purchased some time ago because they were cheaper than hair ones; and that instead of depreciating in value from use, they must have increased, from the scarcity of the material of which they were composed.

No sooner had the thought occurred to him, than he inquired the price of cotton per pound.

"Fifty-eight to sixty-one cents."

"And the price of hair for mattresses?"

"Forty to forty-two!"

His mind was made up, the old cotton mattresses were ripped open, their treasure drawn forth, and the smart hotel proprietor had the satisfaction of changing his eighty old cotton mattresses for eighty new hair ones, without costing a penny. Indeed, he had a little something left over, besides the blessings of his guests for the unlooked for improvement of their couches.—*Com. Bulletin.*

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN SPAIN.—The Clamor Publico, published at Madrid, was recently seized for publishing the following paragraph in allusion to the persecution of Protestants in Spain:—

"The Emperor of China has published a decree establishing freedom of worship in his dominions. And in Spain what is being done in respect to the same question? They will give information in some of the provinces of Andalusia. For ourselves, remembering the vulgar saying 'Comparisons are odious,' we make none, because we do not wish to be odious to anybody."

☞ At a school examination, a Hibernian urchin being asked why it was so warm in the torrid zone, very promptly replied—"Because it is so hot!"

☞ A young fellow, starting for the war, is going to propose to a couple of his loves, and he hopes they will refuse him. In this way he will get a pair of mittens against the cold weather.

☞ Lizzie remarked that Mr. Blank started when she spoke to him, as if he were electrified. Widdikins thinks "gal-vanised" is the word.

☞ Skimpole, down at the docks the other day, stumbled upon a hawser. Popkins instantly bade him go and thank the captain of the vessel to which the vessel belonged, *for securing him a trip over your rope* (Europe).

CHARLES DICKENS.

FROM "SIDDONS'S RECOLLECTIONS."

Of Charles Dickens, whose family I had known in his boyhood, I saw but little excepting when he was in public. His incessant literary occupations, his amateur theatricals, his operations as chief agent for the execution of Miss Burdett Coutts's charitable actions, his visits abroad, and the necessity he was under of being much at the service of strange visitors, English and foreign (impelled by curiosity), gave him but little time for *tete-a-tetes* with old friends. We were all surprised at the announcement which he published in Household Words regarding his domestic *demenage*, but the ultimate separation from Mrs. Dickens occasioned no astonishment. Never were two people less suited to each other. He, ardent, sanguine, energetic, full of imagination and animated by powerful human sympathies; she, supine, frivolous, common-place, passing her time between the nursery and the drawing-room. In his youth Charles Dickens had conceived a fondness for the picturesque scenery in the vicinity of Rochester, and vowed that if ever he became rich enough he would build a house at Gadshill and live there. Mrs. Dickens declared she would never leave London. Thereupon the parties joined issue. He did in time build the house, and as his wife would not accompany him thither he took his daughters and a suitable companion for them; and out of this event arose all the scandal with which England busied herself for some time. After Dickens had retired to the country he wrote "Great Expectations;" which is, in most respects, a great improvement upon the works which immediately preceded it. We know that canary birds sing the sweeter when they are in separate cages. May not the isolation of the author have been the cause of the revival of that rich humor which imparted immortality to "Pickwick."

Neill has already described Charles Dickens's "Reading" in these pages. It is needless for me, therefore, to attempt a sketch of him while reading the "Chimes." Suffice it to say that his passion for the stage, which in his youth he had adopted as a profession—thus becoming the original of his own "Nicholas Nickleby"—finds ample gratification in the delineation of his own creations. Pathos is his forte, but he is not deficient in *vis comica*.

Apropos of "Nicholas Nickleby," how many of the *dramatis personæ* might be traced to living individuals who had fallen in Dickens's way. The Crummles family came to this country on a theatrical speculation some fifteen years since, and the quondam infant phenomenon is now the honored widow of a deceased general officer, who recently died from the effect of his noble exertions in the Union cause. Once, in the course of a journey into Cheshire, I came upon the whole of the Peerybingle family, including Tilly Slowbow (and the Cricket!); and Dickens has often said that he never invented characters, but found them ready made, only requiring a little height of color to make them presentable. The Cheeryble brothers, old Weller, Carker, Skimpole, old Dorrit, Barkis, Micawber, are all types of a very large class. Dickens never moved in good society until he became eminent, and then he was only lionized. Hence, his inability to delineate true gentlemen and real gentlewomen.

☞ BAD PROSPECT FOR THE NEWSBOYS.—The following letter was received at the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, at Washington:

"to the Clark of they intirnal revinue.

"WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Sir: I would like your decision upon the following question:—

"Are newsboys peddlers, and if so are they liable to be Stamped onto?

"Respectfully, J. BROWN."

"Skowhegan, Nov. 4, 1862.

"The Commissioner has not yet made his decision on the important question raised above."

☞ At the battle of Trafalgar, two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies from the same clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the admiral's ship. "Look up, and read you, Jock," said the one to the other; "England expects every man to do his duty—not a word for puir auld Scotland on this occasion." Jock cocked his eye at the object a moment, and turning to his companion, thus addressed him: "Man Geordie, is that a' your sense? Scotland kens well enough that her bairns will do their duty—that's just a hint to the Englishmen."

☞ President Lincoln, although specially exempt by law from having his salary taxed under the Revenue Act, has ordered the same deduction to be made as if a tax were imposed. By this voluntary act the President pays a tax of $1,200 per year out of his salary.

☞ HOSPITAL ANECDOTE.—A few days since, as a clergyman of Newport was visiting the barracks, administering spiritual consolation to the sick and wounded, he remarked to the nurse—a lady—who was standing by, that a certain man was a very sick man. "Yes," said the nurse, "a very sick man, and sick from a good cause, too. I tell you what 'tis, Mr. ——," she added, "when a soldier dies in the service of his country, the Lord snatches him straight up to Heaven before the devil knows anything about it."

☞ High private John Jenks, of Captain Jenk's company, 126th regiment, writes to a friend that Gen. Sigel was lately asked if he could take Richmond. He replied that he could with a single one of his regiments. He said he would lead the 126th New York up to within three miles of the rebel capital—let them camp there over night, and *they would steal it before morning!*

☞ Punch says the seat of impudence is a cabman's box. We should say it was the editorial chair of the London Times.

☞ Hon. A. J. Hamilton has been appointed Military Governor of Texas, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and authority to raise two brigades of loyal Texans.

☞ He who takes another's property clandestinely is guilty of the crime of theft. He who seizes it openly and leaves Confederate paper in its place is guilty of two crimes—first, robbery, and secondly passing bad money.

☞ A returned Californian says he lived on one occasion for ten days on the broth he made of an old door mat that he had scraped acquaintance with.

☞ At the collation given by the Unitarians of Brooklyn to their friends from abroad, at the late Convention, Rev. Dr. Ellis, of Charleston, in a speech said that he could only recall three occasions on which he had wittingly and deliberately placed himself outside the Providence of God, in a situation wherein he felt he had even no *right to pray*. The first was when he descended into the crater of Mount Vesuvius; the second when he entered the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky nine miles under ground; and *the third was in Washington under Buchanan's rule!*

☞ Queen Victoria is sternly [illegible] and even implored, by the English [illegible] to throw off her mourning, be consoled, return to London and re-inaugurate the usual festivities of the season, so that trade may once more prosper. So it will be seen that English sovereigns are not only not free to *marry* whom they please, but that they cannot be allowed even to *mourn* in peace!

☞ There are 75,000 tons of rags converted into paper in England, annually. One ton and one-third rags make one ton of paper.

☞ The number of sea-going vessels in the world is about *sixty-five* thousand, two-thirds of which belong to England and the United States.

☞ Bonaparte's conception of a perfect army bears pretty hard on the interminable and luxurious trains of our armies. "It would not be possible," he said to Las Casas, at St. Helena, "to form a perfect army without a revolution in the manners and education of the soldier, and perhaps even of the officer. This could not be accomplished with ovens, magazines, commissaries and carriages. There can be no perfect army until, in imitation of the Romans, the soldier shall receive his supply of wheat or barley, grind it in his hand-mill, and bake his bread himself. We cannot hope to possess an army until we abolish all our monstrous train of civil attendants."

☞ GOVERNMENT.—True government is not inconsistent with perfect freedom. Freedom is the right to do what we please so long as we do not trespass upon the rights of others. Rights and freedom are all one. If I trespass upon another's rights, I violate the principle of freedom. To do whatever we please—*if we please to mind our own business*—*constitutes the sum of all our rights.*

☞ Seven thousand collectors, deputy collectors, assessors and assistant assessors are now engaged in the collection of internal revenue in the loyal states. The amount of revenue derived from this source was estimated by Congress at $150,000,000; but this sum, it is thought, will be increased to $200,000,000, over and above the expense of collection, which is considerably less than that of collecting $100,000,000 in custom revenue. This is owing to the fact that custom officers receive a yearly salary, while those engaged in collecting the internal revenue receive compensation only for the time they are actually engaged in its collection.

☞ We hear of a timepiece, invented in London, which measures the hours by quicksilver in a glass tube, on which they are marked, without dial or hands. The quicksilver falls a certain distance every hour. It is said to give exact time, and will never get out of order. Its price in London is only one shilling sterling.

Joo on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
—*Winter's Tale.*

☞ Hon. Mr. Dickinson, in his speech the other night at Brooklyn, inquired whether "the Leviathan of Rebellion can be drawn out with a hook." Not exactly, except "with a hook" in one sense of the expression. But there are people sanguine enough to think that the beast in question may yet be hauled out with a *Hooker*.

☞ "You can't do that again," said the pig, when the boy cut his tail off.

☞ The Louisville Journal supposes that "the fortunes of war we hear so much about are the fortunes made by the army contractors."

☞ In the army, red tape extends clear down to sick team horses. They cannot be killed unless condemned by a board of officers, and sometimes die of a lingering death, that red tape may be duly respected."

☞ A French sportsman, in the neighborhood of the wood of Clairmarais, recently hunting, shot an unusually large raven which had round one of the legs a small iron ring, on which were engraved the words, "Born at Courtrai, in 1772." This fact goes to confirm the tradition that ravens live a century and upwards—though to be sure the present raven deceased a little under his century *by accident*.

☞ The police of Vienna, considering that political and immoral songs are sung by itinerant singers in the streets, has put all such persons under strict surveillance. In future no verses will be allowed to be sung unless they have been previously submitted to the censorship.

☞ A Mormon bishop named Aaron Johnson, a native of Haddam, Conn., has ten wives, of whom three were his nieces. He has a brother whose domestic felicity is limited to three bosom companions, and he is reported to be on the look-out for more.

☞ A Richmond paper estimates that the South has lost sixty thousand slaves in consequence of the war, estimated worth twenty-four millions of dollars.

NEWS ITEMS.

ABSENTEES FROM THE ARMY.—The statement is made on good authority, that there are no less than one hundred and eighty thousand soldiers absent from the army either with or without leave. It is said that the President remarked that the actual numerical strength of the army is less than when the last call for three hundred thousand was issued. Doubtful.

IT is calculated that at least 700,000 hogs will be cut up in Chicago this season. In that of 1860-1 the number was 231,335, and in 1861-2 it was 514,418. Some place the figure this year as high as a million, but the above estimate is safer.

A REMARKABLE case occurred the other day in a village in the west of England. A man of large fortune died, and directed in his will that his horse should be caparisoned and led to his grave, and there shot and buried with him that he "might be ready to mount at the resurrection, and start to advantage." To the disgrace of all concerned, this was actually performed.

THE metaphor so often quoted of "going to sea in a tub," was in a degree realized at Newport, R. I., last week. A couple of jolly tars attached to one of the ships of the Naval School, feeling moved to see their lady-loves over in town, or perchance revel in the delights of the intoxicating cup, and having no means at hand to cross the intervening waters, launched a hogshead, minus one of its heads, and both getting "on board," set sail for Newport, which place they reached after a [illegible]ay passage" of fifteen minutes.

POLITICAL classification among the Missouri Dukes is somewhat amusing. In St. Louis they ignore the old terms of Republican and Democrat, and even the accommodating designation of Unionists. Instead of these, they have "Claybank" for Republican-Unionists, "Charcoal" for Emancipationists, and "Chocolate" for Democrats.

"VICTORY OR DEATH."—Maggie Bradford, of Alton, Ill., followed her lover, George Percival, to the war. Percival got the officers to exclude her from the lines, and the disheartened woman took arsenic in the presence of the whole regiment, from the effects of which she died in a short time, though every possible effort was made to save her life.

GENERAL GRANT has issued an order assessing upon the 20th Illinois Regiment the sum of $1,242 62 for damages which they did to the store and property of Messrs. G. W. Graham & Co., of Jackson, Tenn., on the night of Nov. 7. Captains Frisbie and Tunison, of this same regiment, who were present while the pillaging was in progress, but took no measures to check it, were mustered out of service for dereliction of duty.

ELIZABETH DOWAGER BARONESS STAFFORD, whose death is just announced, was one of three American ladies, daughters of Mr. Richard Caton, of Maryland, all of whom acquired titles by marriage. One married that eminent scholar and statesman, the Marquis Wellesley; another the Duke of Leeds, and the lady whose death we record to-day, married, May 25, 1836, Sir George William Jerningham, who, in 1825, had been declared entitled to the ancient barony of Stafford, which had been under attainder since Viscount Stafford was beheaded, in 1678. Her ladyship was left a widow in 1851, and had no issue. She, like her sisters, was a Roman Catholic.

GRANT MARCHING ON.—From the Southwest we have General Grant's despatch, announcing the retreat of the rebels, and their flight beyond the Tallahatchie, on their way to Grenada. Gen. Grant is near Abberville, and Gen. Sherman at Wyatt, an important place on the Tallahatchie, from which cotton is shipped in steamboats during high water. Look out for news from Grant.

BY deserters from the rebel army we have information that they are very destitute, particularly of clothing. They are ordered by Gen. Lee to make moccasins of raw hide, in lieu of shoes; and if they have not these, to do their duty barefooted.

WOMEN REFUSING TO PAY TAXES.—Sarah E. Wall, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has addressed a letter to the editor of the Daily Spy, giving as her reason for refusal for four years to pay taxes, the 10th article in the Bill of Rights, which declares that "No part of the property of any individual can, with justice, be taken from him, or applied to public uses, without his own consent, or that of the representative body of the people."

GEORGE JONES, who prosecuted the editors of a Boston paper for libel, in describing him, as he appeared at the Prince of Wales' ball, decorated with sundry orders, "a *soi disant* count," has lost his case, it being proved to the satisfaction of the court and jury, that the title to which Jones pretended that of "Count Joannes," was not bestowed by any one having the authority to bestow it, and that, in point of fact, Mr. Jones's countship was of no account. Dr. Francis Lieber, Count Gurowski, and Mr. Charles F. Blake, experts in matters of the kind, were witnesses to these points, and seemed, by their concurrent testimony, to make the case a very clear one for the defendants.

ADVICES from Fort Monroe of the 4th, announce the sailing of a fleet of seven transports and two iron-clads with sealed orders—destination unknown.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

IMPORTANT FROM RICHMOND—SUFFERING IN THE SOUTH—ALMOST A REBELLION IN LOUISIANA.—Among the important papers secured by the Government from Richmond, are notes of some letters which passed between Gov. Moore, of Louisiana, and Jeff. Davis, about the second week in November.

An urgent appeal was made by the Governor to allow the people to trade with New Orleans, exchanging cotton and sugar for salt, clo[illegible] and some of the necessaries of life; that there was the greatest suffering among all classes, mostly for salt. Davis refused, and stated it was impossible now; that no proposition of the kind could be entertained until after the 1st of January.

When Lincoln's policy would be developed, then he might consider it. The Governor replied that the people would not stand it until then; that sickness and death were raging, and they were powerless to help themselves; that they must have salt and medicine, or die. This letter, imploring him to relent, closed with a defiance of his authority if it was not granted.—*Washington Cor. of Phila. Inquirer.*

A JUST COMPLIMENT TO A FEDERAL REGIMENT.—The correspondent of the London Daily News gives us, on his personal knowledge, a curious story of a regiment of Connecticut recruits engaged at the battle of Antietam. They had joined only three or four days before the battle, and were wholly undrilled, officers and men alike—the only military man being the Colonel. The three days were spent in teaching them to load and fire, and there was no time to teach them more. On the fourth day they were engaged, and held their ground in line manfully till outflanked by an overwhelming force of the enemy. An order was then sent to the colonel to withdraw them, and he was obliged to reply that neither men nor officers could execute any movement whatever, and he "could only stay where he was or run away," and there he stayed, "the men never flinching under a murderous fire" till another corps relieved them, when half their number, including their colonel, were stretched on the field. These are, indeed, military materials worthy of better generalship than they obtain.—*London Spectator, Nov. 1.*

Interesting Discoveries at Pompeii.

NAPLES, Oct. 18, 1862.

Another most important discovery in Pompeii. It was made last Saturday, during one of those interesting excavations, which are now continually taking place, and not far from the bakehouse which was recently brought to light. The directors and some men were working away in a small, apparently poor house, when their voices indicated that a great discovery had been made, and the three or four visitors had happened to be near were immediately invited to the spot. In a small inner room, *employes* and laborers are on their knees, working with the utmost care, as if the finest porcelain were being handled. On the upper surface of the ashes, which as yet have not been removed from the neighborhood, are standing boys, girls and men, with their baskets in their hands, all labor suspended, whilst they are looking down on the curious scene below.

The scene was, in truth, very picturesque; and I wonder that such a subject has never been seized by an artist. But what is it that has been found? In an extreme corner of this inner room have been discovered some human bones—a rare thing in Pompeii, where most of the population had time to escape.—Further researches—and it was interesting to observe with what extreme care and delicacy they were conducted—revealed yet others, until the skeletons of five persons were visible, four women and an infant, all crouched up in a corner. The sex and age of the victims, and the very form in which they were found, are suggestive of incidents and sufferings which would promise materials for an affecting tale. The arms seem to have been clasped as if all hope had been abandoned, and they had come there to die, whilst the legs were doubled up with the agony of their sufferings. The mouth of one skeleton was open, distended, and hard must have been the last expiring efforts of that poor person. The infant was in the extreme corner, where a mother's love perhaps had placed in the hopes of its there finding greater protection from the storm of ashes which was raging around them, and then penetrating into the most secret recesses of every building. Poor, helpless women! they were too weak or too feeble to escape, and had been abandoned by husband, father, brother—by every male friend. There were bronze armlets or bracelets round their fleshless bones; and by the side of them lay what was evidently the remains of a purse, in which had been inclosed twenty silver Roman coins and two copper coins. Of course the material of the purse was imperfect, and was reduced to mere tinder; still the texture was perceptible, and this it was, which contained the hurried gleanings of the unhappy party. There were considerable traces of cloth too, in the ashes, all around the bodies or skeletons; that is to say, on the ashes there were impressions as of cloth which had been laid over them and then exposed to fire. The probability appeared to be that they were the clothes of the wretched fugitives, for there were impressions as it were of folds. Though great care was exercised in removing every stone and mass of ash, I consider the plan adopted to have been wrong and injurious to the general effect. Thus, instead of clearing off everything horizontally from right to left I would have removed all the ashes on the surface, and have exposed to view the entire mass of bones as they reposed after the last agony was over. Another advantage of this mode is, that it would have been easier to discover the nature and the form of the surface on which they lay; though it was decided that it was a bed. It was at about the distance of two and a half feet above the level of the ground that the bones were found; but by cutting away the mass of ashes, the outlines of the bed, or whatever it was, could be clearly discovered. Indeed, the holes in the ground where stood the legs were discernible. Round what might have been the joints, were still remaining bits of iron; and on the upper surface and upwards, there were signs as it were of something similar to columns. Of course, on the moment it was impossible to decide what precisely the article of furniture was, which now was pulverized, and a little discussion took place as to whether it had been a table or a bed; but opinions inclined to the latter supposition, and so let it be; but if so, what a bed and what a night of eternal repose it was which closed around them under the fire and ashes of Vesuvius! I have told you all, perhaps, that is of interest regarding this important and singular discovery; it is of rare occurrence to find human bones in Pompeii, and the form and position in which these lay in themselves tell a story. A romance—a tragedy has been brought to light and I leave it to an abler pen than my own to develope all its mysteries.

THE PICKETS.—No little amusement is afforded to our army by the conversation carried on between pickets along the banks of the narrow Rappahannock, in which taunts of "Yankee hirelings" and "How are you, Bullrunners?" are invariably silenced by inquiries about the salubrity of "My Maryland." Antietam is a tender subject to secesh, as the following colloquy which we extract from an army letter indicates:

Secesh.—Hallos, Bull-runner! How's your legs?

Union.—Sound. How's "My Maryland?"

Secesh.—D—n Maryland! Goin' to Richmond, ain't you?

Union.—Well, I am. How far is it?

Secesh.—Further south than you'll get. Come by Harper's Ferry, didn't ye?

Union.—No; Antietam.

Secesh.—Oh h—.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2121 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 9½ cents ₱ lb. 75 Cows brought from $18 to 28 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5½ cents ₱ lb. 640 Hogs sold at $5,00 to 6,75 ₱ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The upward tendency in Wheat has imparted a better feeling to Flour. Sales of 8,000 bbls for shipment at $6@6,18½ for common and good superfine; $6,25@6,87½ for extras; $7@7,75 for extra family, mostly of the latter description, and $8@8,50 ₱ bbl for fancy Ohio, as in quality; including about 3,500 bbls, part City Mills, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been light within the same range of prices, and high grade fancies at $8,75 @9 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is coming in more freely, and selling in a small way only at $5,50@5,75, the latter for City Mills. Corn Meal is quiet but steady at $3,50 for Pennsylvania and $4 ₱ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN—Wheat has advanced 2@3c ₱ bus, with sales of [illegible] bus at $1,40@1,45 for common to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store; choice do $1,46@1,47, afloat; Southern red $1,48@1,50, and white at from $1,55 to $1,80, as in quality—the latter for choice Kentucky.—Rye is rather better, with small receipts and sales of Pennsylvania at 94@98c. Corn has advanced 3c, and all offered, about 40,000 bus, have been taken at 72@76c for yellow, in store and afloat; 70@75c for white, as in quality, and 72@74c for Western mixed. The receipts are very light. Oats are more active, with sales of some 30,000 bushels at 40c for Southern, and 41@42c for Pennsylvania—the latter for prime. Barley is firm, with further sales of Pennsylvania and Western at $1,35@1,50, as in quality. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at $1,50@1,55.

PROVISIONS continue dull and unsettled; sales 500 bbls mess Pork at $13@13,50, and mess Beef at $12@15 ₱ bbl for western and city packed. Beef Hams have been sold in a small way at $18@18,50 ₱ bbl. Dressed Hogs are dull and quoted at $5,50@6 ₱ 100 lbs. Of Bacon the sales are mostly in lots, to go south, at 9@11c for bagged Hams, 5¾@5¾c for Shoulders and 6@7c for Sides, including about 100,000 lbs of the latter at our lowest figures. Green Meats are quiet, and prices nearly nominal; we quote at 7½@8c for Hams and 4½@4½c for Shoulders. Lard is arriving and selling in lots at 9@9½c for country packed, and 9½@10¼c for prime western in tierces and kegs. Butter is less active; packed ranges at 14@24c, the latter for choice dairy, and roll at 16@22c. Cheese is steady at 10½@11½c ₱ lb. Eggs are better, and selling at 23c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is buoyant and firm at an advance of 1@2c on the rates current last week. The demand, however, is very limited, and only about 250 bales have been taken by manufacturers at 60@63½c cash, closing at the latter rate for good middlings.

ASHES—The market for both kinds is firm, and the receipts and sales light.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and the market is dull and lower, a few small lots of 1st No 1, part coarse ground, having found buyers at $36 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is steady, with moderate receipts and sales at quotations.

BEESWAX is less inquired for and selling at 40@41c ₱ lb.

COAL continues active and firm, with a good demand for shipment at fully former rates. For home use the demand is also good, and prices well maintained.

COFFEE—The market is firm; sales of 500 bags Rio and Laguayra in small lots at 30@33c, cash and time, and a lot of Cape on terms kept private.

COPPER is steady but quiet; of Yellow Metal, the sales are moderate at 27c for Sheets, and 30c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS are scarce and held higher, with small sales at 50@53c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is rather more active; Apples selling at $1,50@3,50, and Cranberries at $10@13 ₱ bbl. For dried fruit the demand is increasing at 4@5c for Apples, and 4@8c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches.

HAY is unchanged, good Timothy selling at 80@90c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The market is firm, but the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HOPS are firm, and the demand steady at 20@24c ₱ lb, the latter for first sort Western.

IRON—There is not much doing in Pig Metal; 7000 tons Anthracite have been disposed of, mostly within the range of $30@32, cash and 4 months, for Nos 1 and 2, including 700 tons hard No 2 at $29@30, and 300 tons No 3 at $28, the latter cash. Manufactured Iron continues active and firm.

LEAD is inactive, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations, the last sale of Galena was at 5½c ₱ lb.

LUMBER is firm, with about the usual business to note in the way of sales. Laths are wanted at the late advance.

MOLASSES is quiet, and a small business only to note in Cuba and New Orleans at steady rates, including 170 bbls of the latter, sold by auction, at 28@41c, cash.

PLASTER—There is very little arriving, and soft is worth $3@3,25 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is little or none offering, and the demand continues limited at 7¼@7¾c for East India.

SALTPETRE is firm, with further sales of 500 bags crude on terms kept private.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Clover-seed, with further sales of about 6000 bus, in lots, at $6,45@6,50, chiefly at $6,40@6,45 ₱ bus for prime, at which rates the market closes active. Timothy is selling at from $1,62½ to $2,12½ ₱ bus for common to prime. Flaxseed comes in slowly, and the crushers are buying at $3 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, and the sales light. N. E. Rum is taken as wanted at 55@57c. Whiskey is steady, and rather more active, with sales of 1200 bbls, mostly at 40c for Ohio. Drudge is selling at 38c.

SUGAR—The market is rather dull, and the sales mostly confined to New Orleans, including about 375 hhds sold at auction at from 9¾ to 11⅝c, cash, the latter for clarified, and a few small lots taken private at 10¾@11¼c for Cuba and New Orleans, on time.

TALLOW is dull, and the sales limited at 10¾ @11c for city, and 10¼c for country, which is a decline.

TOBACCO—The stocks of all kinds are very light, and the market firm, but quiet.

WOOL—The market for this staple is firm, but very active and the sales small, within the range of 67½@70c for medium and coarse; 63@66c for fine, and 74@75c for tub, net cash. About 110,000 lbs sold by auction at 61c for unwashed domestic; 20c for common foreign white, and 21@21½c, cash, for black do.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 6, 1862.

Alabama	20 dis.	Missouri	5 dis
Canada	2½ prem	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	5 dis.	N. Y. City	1 dis.
Georgia	20 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	$1 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	60 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	60 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	3 dis.
[illegible]	—		

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MARRIAGES.

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On the 3d instant, by Alex. Henry, Mayor, ADAM EVERLY, Jr. to ANNA L. daughter of Geo. Boldin, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, to Mrs. SARAH E. PRICE.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS V. DAVIDSON, to Miss MARY JANE KIPLE, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Kenney, D. D., EDWARD W. HOBB, to MARY B. PERRY, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM A. HEPPERN, to Miss LOUCENIA C. SILL, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Barns, AMOS N. SMITH, of Newark, Del to Miss HANNAH J. ROSS, of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. H. HARRISON TAYLOR, to Miss MARY HAINES, both of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Noble Frame, Mr. GEORGE VARDY, to Miss MARY PILLING, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, CHARLES P. CALDWELL, Jr. in his 24th year.

On the 2d instant, MARY HALLOWELL, daughter of the late Judge Hallowell, aged 63 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ANN WAGNER, relict of the late John Wagner, Sr. in her 71st year.

On the 2d instant, ABRAHAM ROSE, in his 56th year.

On the 1st instant, EMMA NEFF, widow of the late Rudolph Neff, in her 53d year.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM NEILL, in his 53d year.

On the 1st instant, THOMAS ALLEN, in his 64th year.

On the 31st ultimo, Mr. JOHN M. ZOLL, Sr. in his 51st year.

On the 30th ultimo, WILLIAM A. ROGERS, in his 43d year.

On the 30th ultimo, CATHARINE HARTEN, in her 40th year.

On the 29th ultimo, CHARLES FOWLER, in his 58th year.

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FOR 1863!

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"MORE COPY."

Once in autumn, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering o'er a memorandum book of items used before (book of scrawling head-notes, rather; items taking days to gather them, in hot and sultry weather, using up much time and leather)—pondered we those items o'er. While we conned them, slowly rocking, (through our mind queer ideas flocking,) came a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at the sanctum-door. "Sure that must be Jinks," we muttered—"Jinks that's knocking at our door—Jinks, the everlasting bore."

Ah, how well do we remind us, in the walls which then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us, all scattered o'er the floor. Thought we, "Jinks he wants to borrow some old newspapers to-morrow, and 'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks, the bore, by opening wide the door." Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before. And the scattered piles of papers madly cut some curious capers, being lifted by a breeze coming through another door; and we wished (the wish was evil, for one deemed always civil) that Jinks was at the devil, to stay there evermore, there to find his level—Jinks, the nerve-unstringing bore!

Bracing up our patience firmer, then, without another murmur, "Mr. Jinks," said we, "your pardon, your forgiveness we implore. But the fact is, we were reading of some curious proceeding, and thus it was, unheeding your loud knocking there before—" here we opened wide the door. But phancy, now, our pheelinks—for it wasn't Jinks, the bore—Jinks, nameless evermore! But the form that stood before us caused a trembling to come o'er us, and mem'ry quickly bore us back again to days of yore—days when "items" were in plenty, and where'er this writer went he picked up interesting items by the score. 'Twas the form of him our "devil," in an attitude uncivil; and he thrust his head within the open door, with "The foreman's out o' copy, sir, and says he wants some more." Yes, like Alexander, wanted more!

Now, this "local" had already walked about till nearly dead; he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Market, and by-ways running off into the portions of the city both public and obscure; had examined store and cellar, and had questioned every "feller" whom he met, from door to door, if anything was stirring—any accident occurring—not published heretofore—and had met with no success; he would rather kinder guess he felt a little wicked at that ugly little bore, with the message from the foreman that he wanted "something more."

"Now, it's time you were departing, you sad scamp!" cried we, upstarting; "get you back into the office—office where you were before, or the words that you have spoken will soon get your bones all broken," (and we seized a cudgel, oaken, that was lying on the floor,) "take your hands out of your pockets and leave the sanctum door; tell the foreman there's no copy, you ugly little bore!" Quoth the devil, "send him more."

And our devil, never sitting, still is flitting, still is flitting back and forth upon the landing just outside the sanctum door. Tears adown his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eye is beaming—and his voice is heard, still screaming, "Sir, the foreman wants some more!"—And our soul, pierced with that screaming, is awakened from its dreaming, and has lost the peaceful feeling that we ever had before; for the fancy will come o'er us, that each reader's face before us bears the horrid words—"We want a little more!"—Words, on the foreheads glaring, "Your 'funny' column needs a little more!"

A Man "Expected" To Be Loyal.

For the past two weeks the military authorities have been very strict, and, as no person is permitted to leave the city who is not loyal, necessarily a vast amount of questioning takes place at the provost marshal's office. A few days ago, a tall, dejected looking, middle-aged man made his appearance before Col. Gillem, and solicited a pass. The first question asked by the colonel was:

"Are you a loyal man?"

"Well," said the mysterious looking solicitor, "I expect I am."

"You expect you are; don't you know whether you are a good Union man or not?"

"I expect—I don't know, sir."

The appearance of the man, and his manner of conversation rather nonplussed Col. Gillem, who continued, however:

"Where do you wish to go, sir?"

"I want to go home."

"Where is your home?"

"In East Tennessee."

"When did you arrive in this city?"

"Several years ago."

"Where was you at the commencement of the rebellion, sir?"

"In this city."

"Did you ever hear Andy Ewing make any of his speeches?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever been in the rebel army?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever intend to take up arms against the government of the United States?"

"No, sir."

"Have you a family in East Tennessee, sir?"

"Yes, sir, a wife and two daughters."

"How long is it since you have seen your family?"

"Ten years."

"Ten years! Where have you been during all this time?"

"In the state prison, sir."

"Mr. Bent," said the colonel, turning to one of his clerks, "give this man a pass to East Tennessee."—*Nashville Letter.*

BALLAD.

"Miss Julia at home this evening!"
Asked one of the visiting corps
Of the red-cheeked Irish damsel
Who answered his ring at the door.

"Fath—an' I b'lave she is, sir."
"Is she engaged, d'ye know?"
"Ingaged—well—I can't say it,
But I thought so long ago.

"When she gits a-hould of her swateheart
They are like two burreds caged.
Och! If yees could see thim kissing,
Yee'd think they *were* engaged."

How a Lawyer Headed off a Draft Commissioner.—Says the Reading (Penns.) Times: It is well known that Commissioner Kupp was very precise and exact in his proceedings, always keeping an eye to the interests of the country, while dealing honorably with all. Now, it happened that among the able-bodied men drafted from one of the Heidleberge, there was an obese specimen of humanity, but whom the chances hit as one of the elect. When he received his "ticket for soup" he hastened to Reading, and knowing where lived the cutest specimen of a lawyer, he went straight to his office. Said he:

"I'm drafted!"

"The deuce you are; it must have been a strong man that drafted you."

"Well, I'm drafted, and I want to get out. Can't march. I'll pay well."

"Very well."

The twain proceeded to the office of the Commissioner.

"Here," said the lawyer, "Commissioner, I have got a substitute."

Commissioner looked at the wheezy specimen for some time. "He won't do; can't march."

"But he must do," blustered out the lawyer, "and you know he will."

"He can't march; he won't do; and I can't take him."

This was what our smart friend wanted.

"He won't do, eh?"

"No; he won't."

"Well, then, scratch his name off the list; he is drafted, and wants to be exempted!"

The Commissioner looked at the lawyer for about a minute; then regarded the fat draft, and, without speaking a word, scratched off his name!

A Proposal.—The residents of Abergeldie, the summer seat of the Duchess of Kent, were once surprised with a visit from a Breemar farmer, who exhibited all the symptoms of having imbibed an intoxicating quantity of the far-famed Lochnager, or "mountain dew."

"Is the Duchess in?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," replied Plush; "leave your card, or say what's your business."

"What's the use of leaving my (hic) card, when I'm (hic) here myself?" demanded the farmer.

"Well, your business, sir?" asked Plush, impatiently.

"Why, d'ye see now, the Duchess is a widow, isn't she?"

"Yes, that is well," replied Plush, beginning to be amused, "but what of that?"

"What of that?" rejoined the farmer, "there is this of that: I am a widower, the Duchess is a widow, and (hic) I want to get into the royal family."

A GHOST STORY.

At a town in the west of England twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco and talk politics. As at the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the President's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, whilst he was absent, remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying or the dead man, walked into the room and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose and stalked towards the door, which he opened as if living; went out and shut the door after him. After a pause, some one, at least, had the resolution to say, "If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up and went home. In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but *now* nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels; for, in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed* laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unfixed*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing* which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. ——, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death I left his room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed *without my patient!* He was delirious, and I feared had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club room, (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting,) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

SENTIMENT.

Edwin (to whom it suddenly occurs).—"Neat thing in sunsets, Angy?"

Angelina.—"Why, so it is! Mauve clouds with amber trimmings? Most tasteful thing of the kind I ever saw, love!" [Query. Was Angelina chaffing?

BUSINESS RULES.

1. Do not undertake a business with which you are not perfectly acquainted, any sooner than you would attempt, if blind, to survey a city. First thoroughly understand what you propose to do. Serve an apprenticeship—do anything—before taking a single step involving risk.

2. Never attempt a business for which you have no taste or tact. Seek to do that for which you have a natural faculty and relish. Don't aspire to be a merchant, when you should be a farmer, a mechanic, or a day laborer.

3. Never connect yourself in partnership with those in whom you have not perfect confidence—with those to whom you would not be willing, sick or well, at home or abroad, living or dead, to intrust all your business affairs.

4. Never attempt to do more business than you can safely do on your capital.

5. Avoid taking the extraordinary risks of *long credits*, no matter what profits are in prospect.

6. Give no credit whatever to any one who does not possess a good moral character.

7. Supervise carefully your own business, (not your neighbor's) and look after your clerks, and see that they are faithful in the performance of all their duties.

8. Let all those with whom you have dealings or intercourse understand distinctly that you will not lend yourself, for the sake of trade, to do any mean thing—anything which your *conscience* will not approve of.

9. Never lend your name by endorsement or otherwise, except under most extraordinary circumstances, and then let the act be guarded with every possible security.

10. Never allow yourself, or your partners, to draw a dollar from the concern, to invest in any "outside operation whatever."

11. In forming a co-partnership, insist that a limited *fixed* sum only shall be drawn by each partner for personal expenses.

12. Under no circumstances whatever deal in stocks. Don't believe any one of the thousand tales of a fortune in *that* direction. They are a trap and a lie.

13. Keep all your accumulated profits in your business so long as you owe a dollar.—When you have more property than you can use, then it will be proper to invest it outside.

14. Borrow never, if it can be avoided. If temporary assistance is needed, seek it from a tried friend or from a sound banking institution, and then return the loan, on the day fixed, with the most rigid punctuality.

15. Have an eye on the condition of the country, its crops and the general prospects for business, and look out sharp for the movements of politicians, who, in nine cases out of ten, care more for a re-election than for our commercial interests or our national prosperity.

There are other and most important matters which should not be forgotten. Keep good company. Value integrity more than money. Live within your means. Eschew wine, lewd women and fast horses. Use no profane language. Never quarrel with a partner. Be kind, considerate and generous to clerks, and also to your unfortunate debtors. Cultivate the friendship of all. Do your proper share in promoting the public weal. Be a man, a gentleman and a Christian; and you will make sure of an inheritance in this life, and of untold riches in the life which is to come.

☞ An Englishman writing home, complains that there are no sociable gatherings here, no clubs. Brian advises him to lie around loose some night and resist the policemen. He'll find clubs enough.

☞ A man in this city has got so deep in debt, that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

☞ War used to be called a game of chess; but people now apprehend it to be a game of *draughts*.

Agricultural.

SHEEP.

Perhaps this counsel is supererogatory just at this time. All wool-growers and their neighbors are fully aware that at present prices, few if any other branches of agricultural industry are more remunerative. The unprecedented demand for woolen goods consequent upon the necessities of the immense armies now in the field and being raised, is still further enhanced by the scarcity of cotton, which brings woolen fabrics into more general use. How long this exceptional state of things may continue, it is impossible to predict with certainty, but there is good reason to suppose that even if the long-wished-for peace should be proclaimed within the next six months, the demand for woolens will almost certainly be such as to give a paying return for investment in sheep. One fact alone speaks volumes in favor of sheep raising. There has been imported into the United States from foreign countries, wool and woolen goods to the average amount of $35,000,000 to $45,000,000 for the last three years, equivalent to the yield of at least 13,000,000 sheep. It is stated by Daniel Needham, Secretary of the Vermont Wool Growers' Convention, that the average annual increase of population in this country requires the wool of 3,000,000 sheep. If these figures be only approximately correct, they demonstrate the slight danger of an overstock of sheep for many years to come. The present and prospective high tariff will keep up the price of American grown wool to much higher figures than have prevailed hitherto.

The scarcity of mutton has, as would be expected, been aggravated by the rise in wool. We say aggravated, because year by year before the breaking out of the war, it had been more and more difficult to procure a supply of good mutton at reasonable prices. At present this article is one of the luxuries. Very wisely, few care to sell when prospects for keeping are so good. Even if the wool market should return to its ordinary level, or below it, there is abundant encouragement for sheep-raising.

Of course, each must be governed by the circumstances of his locality, both in deciding to invest in sheep, and also as to the best breeds. Thus, the average cost per head, per annum, of keeping sheep, is estimated as follows:—In Illinois, 60 cents; Iowa, 75c.; Michigan, 83c.; Virginia, 60c.; New Jersey, 60c.; Pennsylvania, 50c.; Maine, $1; California, 75c.; Vermont, $1.30.

In Vermont, after trying almost every breed, the majority of wool-growers give the preference to the Spanish Merino, as yielding the largest return for wool. Where mutton is the principal object, as in the vicinity of large cities, larger middle wooled breeds, like the Southdown, are preferable. The latter breed probably combine the desiderata of both wool and mutton in a higher degree than any other raised in this country. With the additional security which the tax upon dogs will give, we may safely say the prospects of the sheep interest in this country are better than ever before. A word to the wise is sufficient.—*American Agriculturist.*

TARES.

In passing through the fertile country of the ancient Philistines, on the south of Palestine, I asked the guide, one day, a native Syrian, if he knew of a plant which was apt to make its appearance among the wheat, and which resembled it so much that it could hardly be distinguished from it. He replied that it was very common, and that he would soon show me a specimen of it. Soon after this, he pointed out to me some of this grass, growing near our path; and afterwards, having seen it, I found it in almost every field where I searched for it. Except that the stalk was not so high, it appeared otherwise precisely like wheat, just as the ears begin to show themselves, and the kernels are swelling out into shape. The seed of the tares, if intermixed with wheat, renders the bread made of such flour, injurious to those who eat it.

This is the plant to which the Saviour referred in the parable, as the tares which sprang up among the wheat, and which the owner, because it was so much like the genuine wheat, directed his servants to suffer to remain until the harvest, "Lest, while they gathered up the tares, they should root up also the wheat with it," (Matthew, xiii., 24.) I collected some specimens of this deceitful weed, and have found, on showing them to friends, that they have mistaken them quite invariably for some species of grain such as wheat or barley.—*Hacket.*

How to Save Girdled Trees.—While examining some apple trees in the garden where I live, I found that the mice had girdled several of them, one of which was a Porter, it being seven inches through at the but, and I thought I would save it if it could be done. In April I cut some scions from the tree and inserted the ends of them in the tree between the bark and the wood, above and below the girdled space, placing them two inches apart; then covered the space with green cow dung, and wound a cloth around it to keep it from falling off or drying up. The tree leaved out and blossomed, and has grown finely, besides bearing several bushels of nice apples. On examining it last week, I found that it was healing over nicely. I believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred girdled trees, can be saved. I write this that others may be benefited by it.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Ventilate the Barns.—The New York Evangelist says the moisture arising from hay and grain mowed in barns increases their liability to be struck by lightning. The barns should be well ventilated after harvest. To leave a wide opening on opposite sides, when convenient is safer than to trust to a single ventilator in the roof.

The Farmer's Advocate says: A still better way is to insert a few triangle ladder racks through the heart of the mow, running from one end of the bay to the other, leaving so many air passages. Let them be one above the other, and when the mow has settled take off a board from each end, so air can circulate freely. We have seen this tried with the most gratifying results.

Farm Improvement.—In seeking to increase the fertility of a farm, "two things," says the Genesee Farmer, "must be borne in mind. One is, that the growth of some crops impoverishes the soil more than others; and secondly, that some crops make *richer manure* than others. Thus, a crop of red clover does not impoverish the soil as much as a crop of timothy grass, while a ton of clover hay will make manure worth half as much again as that made from a ton of timothy hay. The same is true of peas and beans. The manure from a given weight of these is worth double what it is from oats, barley, rye, or Indian corn."

Useful Receipts.

Mincemeat.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peal and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

Another Way.—Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef-suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, one ounce of orange-peel, one small nutmeg, one bottle of apples chopped fine, the rine of two lemons and juice of one, half a pint of brandy; mix well together. This should be made a little time before wanted for use.

Soda Biscuit.—A receipt that never fails for this easily made but often spoiled bread is very desirable, and many think the following one meets this want:—One quart of flour, one teaspoon of cream-tartar, a *small* spoonful of soda, half a tablespoon of butter. Rub these ingredients, except the soda, into dry flour, and mix with milk as soft as you can put it into pans. The soda should be dissolved in the milk.

Soft Gingerbread.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one of butter, one of sour milk, and five of flour; three eggs, one teaspoon of saleratus, and a tablespoon of ginger. All the materials should be warmed before being mixed.

To Clean Tea-Trays.—Do not pour boiling water over them, particularly japanned ones, as it will make the varnish crack and peel off, but have a sponge wetted with warm water and little soap, if the tray be very dirty; then rub it with a cloth; if it looks smeary, dust on a little flour, then rub it with a dry cloth. If the paper tray gets marked, take a piece of woolen cloth, with a little sweet oil, and rub it over the marks; if anything will take them out, this will. Let the urn be emptied and the top wiped dry, particularly the outside, for if any wet be suffered to dry on it, it will leave a mark.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 57 letters.

My 18, 6, 53, 43, 13, 37, 17, 9, 41, is the most 23, 52, 18, 49, 54, 20, 40, 34, 46 officer in our national Government.
My 1, 43, 50, 28, is a boy's nickname.
My 45, 15, is an 18, 39, 3, 18, 27, 21, 55, 44, 13, 33, 25.
My 11, 52, 5, 10, 22, 36, 51, is, as we think, the 16, 57, 18, 18, 55, 47, 7, 39 country in the world.
My 20, 14, 46, 30, 38, 6, is a girl's 9, 45, 52, 24.
My 23, 54, 10, is the past of the verb 39, 6, 37, 49.
My 4, 31, 36, 15, should be kept warm and dry.
My 3, 24, 12, 36, 39, is a dangerous class of diseases.
My 35, 45, 32, 15, is something true.

My whole is the name and self-given title of a man who is gaining for himself an unenviable notoriety. G. M. TUCKER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 25, 5, 15, 4, 8, is a town in North Carolina.
My 16, 7, 11, 6, 13, 14, 12, is a bird.
My 13, 13, 15, 19, 17, 9, 10, is a man's name.
My 25, 2, 10, is a river in North Carolina.
My 24, 23, 6, is a small horse.
My 1, 11, 3, 4, 22, is a regimental officer.
My 18, 8, 21, 20, are very good eating.

My whole is a celebrated commander in the West.

Newport, R. I. RED ROVER.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 5, 7, 3, 9, 12, is to confide.
My 15, 8, is a pronoun.
My 12, 4, 18, 6, 2, 17, 10, is a young frog.
My 1, 16, 3, is a pronoun.
My 13, 2, 11, 14, is a hard substance.
My whole is visible at present.

St. Louis. G. H. W.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a part of the human body. Prefix 14 different heads, and I become (1) a savage animal, (2) an adjective meaning costly, (3) a base passion, (4) apparatus, (5) a verb meaning to listen, (6) the name of one of Shakspeare's characters, (7) a boundary or limit, (8) an adjective meaning adjacent, (9) a fruit, (10) what a horse sometimes does, (11) a verb meaning to wither, (12) a verb meaning to rend, (13) a verb meaning to affect by degrees, and (14) a space of time.

G. M. TUCKER.

ANAGRAMS ON CHRISTIAN NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

O! hear C.	B. tore R.
In, dale.	Grade.
Chinaiso.	R. W. dead?
Fine ran.	Hes't—N. R.
Oh! mats?	Yer hav'!
Jim. N. Bean.	Sins navy.
Ax *dear* Nel.	Army.
H. Cleare.	A cane hit 'er!

JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first term, ratio and number of terms of a certain geometric series are all equal, and the sum of the series is 340. Required—the numbers? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are 300 yards of cloth, uniformly of one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. What will be the diameter of the roll when it is rolled up in a round roll? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? Ans.—One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

☞ Why are the natives of Germany like four thousand pounds? Ans.—Because they are Teutons. (Two tons.)

☞ If Adam's sons were alive, which of them would be drafted for the war? Ans.—The Abel-bodied one, of course.

☞ Which letter takes up more than half the world? Ans.—C. (sea).

☞ Which letter speaks of long duration? Ans.—A. (aye).

☞ Which of the feathered tribe lifts up the heaviest weight? Ans.—The crane.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Declaration of Independence, July fourth, seventeen hundred and seventy-six. CHARADE—Misfortune. DOUBLE REBUS.—Jeff. Davis, base sneak. (Job, Ella, Foss, Fine, Ducks, An, Vile, Ina, Sock.)

Answer to PROBLEM, by J. Hall, published Nov. 15th. The four numbers are 5, 7, 8, 10.

Baltimore. C. HAGERTY.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, by Junior, published Nov. 8th. 96 pounds can be bought. O. F. ENSIGN, Ashton, Mo.
And S. Tieman, Baltimore.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's PROBLEM of Nov. 8th. The length of the cloth is 100.53 yards. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
Also answered by H. Tieman, of Baltimore.

Answer to my GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published Nov. 15th. The length of the inscribed rectangle is 32 perches, and its width is 20 perches. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

To Correspondents.—We do not intentionally publish answers to Problems, &c., after the correct answer has been given once.—*Ed. Riddler.*

☞ Some of our fancy officers show a very Christian spirit when called to encounter the hardships of a campaign—they meet them with *resignation*.